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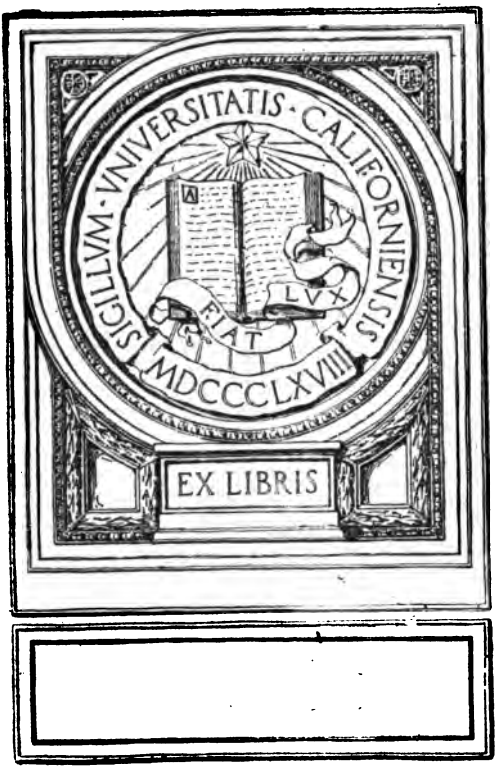
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VOLLEYS FROM A NON-COMBATANT

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To

CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN

Professor of History in Columbia University

HISTORIAN, PATRIOT, FRIEND

405490

PREFACE

DEAR HAZEN: I dedicate this little book to you because, if you had not said that you thought such a collection might be useful to refer to hereafter, I should hardly have decided to reprint it. I know too well how fugitive such pieces must be, but I know, also, how grateful the historian is when he comes upon them and finds in them the expression of a party, or it may, as in this case, of a mere individual, during a great crisis. Assuredly, I speak only for myself, but perhaps some readers will find in these papers, as you do, certain symptoms without a knowledge of which no one can hope to understand the changing attitude of America toward the Atrocious War.

From the beginning of August, 1914, when the German Kaiser forced this war upon the world, I believed that it was a contest in which Germany strove to destroy Civilization and to substitute for it the barbaric German Kultur—the negation of moral law, the system in which the shameless deceit and unimagined cruelty of German selfishness embodied themselves. I underestimated the

immense advantage which forty years of preparation gave the Germans at the start. I thought that England and France on the west and Russia on the east would be able to halt the Germans quickly. But the rapid retreat to the Marne and the Russian rout at the Mazurian Lakes showed me my mistake; and when the Germans, driven back by Joffre and Foch, dug in at the Aisne, I feared that the struggle must be long. But I did not doubt then, nor have I ever doubted since, what the outcome would be. First: because I do not believe that the Powers of Evil can root out Righteousness from the world; and next, because, looking at history, I saw that every modern attempt to dominate Europe—by the Spanish in the sixteenth century, by the French under Louis XIV in the seventeenth century, and by Napoleon a hundred years ago—had been foiled and shattered by England. So England's part in this war seemed to me a very cheering portent.

The English are often slow; they rather pride themselves on their ability to muddle through: compared with the Germans, they make war like amateurs; but the plain historical fact is, that they have looked every would-be European conqueror for the last four hundred years squarely in the eyes, and have seen him go down before them.

Had the conceit of William II of Hohenzollern not been so colossal that it made him appear, to himself, greater than the anæmic *Gott* whom he claimed for partner, he would have been very careful not to range England against Germany in a life-or-death struggle.

Seeing that the war was the culmination of the rivalry between Democracy and Autocracy, between Liberty and Bondage, which had been going on for more than a century, I had no doubt that the United States ought openly and at once to take their stand on the side of Freedom and Justice. I loathed the German propaganda which tried to poison Americans into thinking that no oath, no pledge is sacred; that solemn treaties are mere scraps of paper; that, in war, Germans may burn and slay, may outrage women, crucify men, bayonet children and infants, deport men into industrial slavery and women and girls into infamous sexual bondage, bombard hospitals, sink hospital ships and merchant vessels loaded with neutrals and non-combatants, and still expect to be regarded as men and not as demons. For lack of another word, we call them Prussians. To prevent the total pollution of our people by the letting loose of the Prussian moral sewers—which, apparently, no one in authority did anything to check—

I deemed it the duty of every one of us who saw this danger and who recognized above all our national contribution to Freedom, to force the United States to join the Allies. Ever since we broke with Germany in April, 1917, our duty, it seemed to me, was to support the war with might and main and to oppose at every turn the votaries of Pacifism, Bolshevism, and all forms under which the friends and agents of the Kaiser pursued their sly work here.

While the topics discussed in these papers seem, therefore, somewhat miscellaneous, they have, nevertheless, this underlying unity. I reprint them in their original form, except for some necessary correction of type or phrase, because such symptomatic essays lose their value if, on reprinting, they are corrected up to date. Any one can be a prophet after the event. In general, each paper expresses what I felt to be a need of the time when it was written; for a danger which must be faced, must be understood in order to be crushed. I lay no more claim to serenity than to neutrality. I have noticed in this crisis that the men who boasted of being "impartial," were either pro-German, or they had no hearts to beat faster although the fate of mankind hung in the balance.

To the title "Volleys from a Non-Combatant,"

I would gladly add "Unwilling"; because, as you know, had Fate permitted, I should have been an active combatant, although far beyond the draft age. That arbitrary limit should never shut out any man, provided he is robust physically, and firm in health. Let us never forget that age does not disqualify Marshal Foch who has already thrice saved Civilization and is now giving Moloch, in his Prussian incarnation, his final quietus. Foch is nearly three score years and ten old.

I never see a battalion of our soldiers drilling, or marching along the street, without envying them. I never say good-bye to any young friend in uniform starting for France, without envying him his great opportunity to show, whether he live or die, that he is willing to sacrifice himself for those supreme things without which civilized men cannot live. But a disabling infirmity has forced me into the pitiful ranks of the Unwilling Non-Combatants. Finding that I could only stand and wait, I was reduced to writing. Hence these pale records of a spirit which craved a different outlet.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, October 25, 1918

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VOLLEYS FROM A NON-COMBATANT

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Volleys from a Non-Combatant

I

THE COLLAPSE OF SUPERMAN[1]

A FEW years ago a strange myth went up and down the world. We were told that the Germans were supermen; and as they themselves said so, which of us could doubt it? For the Germans had once a high reputation for scientific precision, and it could not be supposed that either this or their native modesty would permit them to magnify, by even a hair's breadth, their virtues or their attainments.

If you repeat a declaration often enough, the world either dismisses you as a bore, or kills you as a fanatic, or ends by believing you. In one way or another it gets rid of you. So the German claim was believed without a thorough sifting of the evidence.

If in a company of ordinary men all but one

[1]This was printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, November 10, 1917, under the title: "The Collapse of the Superman Myth." Reprinted in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, January 25, 1918. Written in October, 1916.

should shrink to Lilliputian size, that one, simply by keeping his natural proportions, would be a giant among them. This is what the German Gullivers assured us had happened; and appearances seemed to confirm them.

In the course of a generation the Germans had surpassed the other nations in applying science to industry. In some commodities their brands were the best; in nearly all their average was better than that of their competitors. Though they made few of the cardinal discoveries in science or in invention, they quickly caught up, and adapted or improved the discoveries of others.

They organized a system of education as complete as that of the Jesuits and quite as far-reaching; for it took the German child from the time he left the kindergarten and guided him until he left the university. It developed his mental faculties to work most efficiently according to the commands of his official masters; it taught him reverence for discipline; it revealed to him the importance of patient labour on subjects which seemed infinitesimal or irrelevant. During the first three quarters of the nineteenth century this German education had also scientific accuracy, or truth, as its aim; and it was so fruitful that scholars from Europe and America went to Germany to profit

by it, while German professors strode over the earth investigating, taking notes, and adorning the landscape with their robust—if not always Apollonian—figures.

Greater than any discovery in science, however, was the German discovery that if you have many millions of persons all trained by the same method, you can treat them as you could so many million empty rifles—you can load each with your favourite cartridge and aim it at whatever target you choose. And this is what actually happened. When German education had reduced, or raised, the Germans to the level of perfect machines, their master, swollen with military ambition and with dynastic ends, came along and loaded them for his own purposes. In old times every American colonist kept his gun within easy reach, lest he should need it to shoot at an unexpected Indian or bear. Wonderful is it to think that ten million or more Germans—living flesh-and-blood Germans—stood ready, like so many mechanical weapons, devoid of will, judgment, or choice—empty barrels—to be loaded and fired in whatever direction their master aimed them.

When the Germans saw that other peoples lacked their own astonishing organization, they began to feel contempt for them; and this con-

tempt reacted so as to puff up their own self-esteem. They drew the unsafe deduction that all methods except theirs must be bad. Which of us has not had the privilege of listening to the German *Gelehrter*, the sum of whose talk, lecture, or harangue has been: "What I don't know isn't knowledge"? And, in truth, is Gulliver to be blamed for perceiving that he is a giant in comparison with the Lilliputians around him? Gulliver had no reason for suspecting that his eyes were out of order; why should the Germans suppose that they were suffering from unbridled vanity—that disease for which no oculist has a remedy? If they applied scientific tests, they got results that confirmed them, for to them science had become a mirror that reflected their own figures. Cold statistics proved that they were beating their competitors in industrial progress; that they had the largest number of available soldiers in proportion to population; that they excelled in the details of municipal government; that they counted fewer illiterates than their neighbours; and so on—each proof serving to stimulate their megalomania.

We ordinary mortals, who have never had the slightest reason for supposing that we are taller than our fellows, must not be too harsh toward the Teutons who suffered from this illusion. Each of

us doubtless cherishes his particular vanity—small, of course, in keeping with his non-German size. If we are immune from megalomania the credit is due to our insignificance, for that malady attacks only the great; and therefore the Germans, more than any other people to-day, are likely to catch it. In their case it had become epidemic by the year 1914. So far as it appears, no single German remained to say then: "Brethren, perhaps we are really not so colossal as we think. Let us take a foreign yardstick and measure ourselves again." Instead of this the gospel of the superman was shouted into every Teutonic ear. The Prussians remembered that they had won three wars, and they knew that in all the world they had the most powerful military organization, prepared for use at a moment's notice. The supremacy of German music, of German education—but why specify?—of German everything, needed no demonstration. Even peasant Michel exulted in the conviction that he was a superpeasant and that he enjoyed the luxury, unknown to his class in other countries, of eating superturnip and supersausage.

Obviously the superman could not be satisfied with the philosophy, ethics, or religion by which ordinary men lived. The giant must have the giant's robe, not the swaddling clothes of an infant.

So the prophets of supermania devised a philosophical and ethical system which embodied its ideals, and they created a deity they called Gott—a strangely composite creature who, when analyzed, turns out to be four parts war god of the Goth-and-Vandal type and one part Frederick the Great. The care of Gott they confided to their supreme superman, the Kaiser, who had been assuring them for twenty-five years that he knew better than any one else what Gott wished. Even mortals admitted that it was proper that the mere Almighty should be in charge of the Almightiest. Religion has not been the forte of the Pan-Germanists. Listen to the words of an avowed atheist, Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, the first of the German Exchange Professors at Harvard, whose incorrigible Prussian condescension, flecked with occasional efforts at ursine affability, is still cheerfully remembered there. He said in 1914: "In our country, *God the Father is reserved for the personal use of the Emperor.* In one instance He was mentioned in a report of the General Staff, but it is to be noted that He has not appeared there a second time."[1]

The epidemic of supermania among the Germans might have been no more than a grotesque

[1]Interview in the Paris *Temps*, November 26, 1914.

diversion in the humdrum of life—as when children at their play make believe that they are ogres and giants, kings and emperors—had it not been that the supermen were taught that they must prove their superiority by subduing or by destroying their neighbours; that war was the normal exercise of supermen, the only exercise, in fact, by which they could prosper. If you tell a man you are a Hercules and he shakes his head doubtingly, you need simply to kill him in order to kill his doubt. As long as you let him live, you will be haunted by the thought that there is at least one person who does not take you at your own valuation. In civilized countries, however, the individual who resorts to this simple means runs the risk of being tried and hanged for homicide.

> It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
> A brother's murder.

Nevertheless, when a nation of supermen adopt the precedent of Cain, they expect either to exterminate their victims or so to crush them that there will be no reprisals. Cain, it should be said, seems to have been a hot-headed youth who killed his brother in a fit of anger: the German superman, on the contrary, does nothing without premeditation. His Kaiser having revealed to him the inmost pur-

poses of Gott, and German science having confirmed the Kaiser's revelations, the superman puts them into action. It is as easy as pulling the strings of a jumping-jack.

Again let us not be too hard on the Germans for becoming infatuated with the gospel of supermania! Suppose that we Americans were told by our rulers, statesmen, prophets, philosophers, captains of industry, drummers, editors, parsons, professors, statisticians, for thirty years together, that we are the Chosen People, could we resist the flattering imputation? Do we always close our ears when political spellbinders let loose the American Eagle amid a whirlwind of patriotic eloquence? Probably not; and yet all the spellbinders in the United States could never persuade all the Americans to think alike at any given moment. Therein Americans and other civilized peoples differ from the Germans. But let us not be conceited over this; whatever credit there is belongs to Nature, who made Yankees each with an individual thinking piece which secretes daily its necessary supply of thoughts.

Nature delights in variety, however, and so she made Germans each with a thought cavity in his skull—a cavity that remains empty unless the agent of the Kaiser, or State, comes round every

morning with canned thoughts, which he pours into it just as a housewife fills her lamps with oil or a chauffeur his tank with gasolene.

So much for what we may call the potential superman; so much for the estimate that the Germans put upon themselves and caused even foreigners to accept. Let us now see how far these supermen in action have come up to expectations.

II

At the end of July, 1914, William and his advisers—if, indeed, he allows any one to advise him—believed that the enemies against whom they had long been plotting were so unprepared that it would be easy to crush them by sudden attack. For several weeks Germany had been making such preparations for mobilizing her armies as she could without exciting suspicion. Naturally, at the beginning of August, when the German troops invaded France and Belgium, they took the French and Belgian armies almost by surprise. Alone among the forces of the western Allies the British fleet was mobilized. The German supermen swept through Belgium and northeastern France, outnumbering the hastily assembled troops of their adversaries three or four to one; but even this disparity in their favour would not have given

them their swift success if it had not been for their gigantic howitzers, which demolished fortifications supposed to be impregnable.

So far it appears that neither in those early combats nor later did the German soldiers win in open fight against an equal number of foes. The same was true in the war of 1870.[1] This is a strange record for supermen! A German superman, we might innocently think, ought to be a match for at least three or four French or British fighters. It turned out, however, that it was the German readiness, the superior equipment, and, above all, the surprise, which gave the Kaiser his immense and immediate advantage. And yet with all these elements and Prussian prestige—which had become a legend—in his favour, he was not able to achieve his purpose. His triumphal entry into Paris—to celebrate which, with true German thoroughness, he struck a medal before

[1]In 1866, in the war between Prussia and Austria, the Prussians had 221,000 troops at the decisive battle of Sadowa, the Austrians had only 200,000. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the inequalities were still greater. At Woerth the Germans numbered 84,000, the French 39,000. At Gravelotte, the Germans had 205,000, the French 39,000. At Reichshofen, the Germans 180,000, the French 45,000. At St. Privat, the Germans, 80,000, the French 18,000. At Sedan the Germans 220,000, the French 100,000. These figures pay a high tribute to the German strategy which always contrived to bring a larger force than the enemy's into battle; they do not, however, exalt the German soldier in a man-to-man contest with foreign foes.

the war began—never took place. At the end of the first week in September the French, under Manoury, made a sudden dash on the German right, which upset Von Kluck's plans and so thoroughly dislocated the entire strategy of the German General Staff that on September 9th Foch's army drove like a thunderbolt through the German centre, saved Paris, sent all the Kaiser's forces in full retreat eastward and northward, pricked the supermen's dream of world dominion, and saved civilization.

Here again we are perplexed. Which were the supermen—the German centre of Prussian Guards and Saxons, who crumbled before Foch's Frenchmen, or those Frenchmen themselves? Would it be correct to define a German superman as one who cannot stand up against a mere ordinary foreign man? The ninety-three professors who certified to the moral, not less than to the military, perfection of Germany, would dissent from this; and yet how does it profit you to be a superman if you run before any smaller variety of men?

Looking back, we see that the German occupation of Belgium and northeastern France was due to preparation and surprise, and not to any superhuman quality; and this is true of all the Teutonic successes during the first two years of the war.

The Germans invariably had either larger forces or far superior equipment, or both. They accomplished their great drive into Russia at a time when the Russian supply of munitions was exhausted. For the Germans to sweep almost defenseless masses of Russians before them was, therefore, a scarcely more glorious feat than it was for the Spaniards to put to rout the Aztecs with their bows and arrows, or for the heroic ranchmen who dropped from the fatigue of slaughtering rabbits in a drive. Search where we will, we find nothing supermannish in such victories.

Ah, but does not the perfect preparation indicate the superman? Let us examine. If you had spent your life, from boyhood up, using dumb-bells, should you expect to qualify as a superman if in a competition with your neighbours, who had devoted themselves to golf and tennis and yachting, you should lift with ease the heaviest dumb-bell, which the strongest of them could not stir? Hardly. Well, for fifty years the Prussians had made militarism the chief business of life; wherever possible they applied each new invention to improving their arms and equipment; they indulged in three wars, which gave them invaluable practice. They foresaw that logistics would be not less important than strategy or tactics in the conflict they were

secretly preparing for. Nor should we minimize the stimulating effect which the knowledge that he would be called upon to serve in an enterprise for the glory of the Fatherland, and with certain success in sight, produced on each recruit.

None of this militarist training went on in Great Britain, where the army in peace time, composed of volunteers, numbered less than two hundredths per cent. of the population, and since the Crimea had never faced a European enemy. France, on the contrary, had been compelled by the German menace to maintain a large armament; but her purpose being defense and not aggression, she conscripted relatively fewer men than did the Germans; and her population numbered less than forty millions, while Germany's was nearly seventy millions. Her military system was also less efficiently carried out. Russia, likewise, and Italy had conscription and imitated German methods, but without German thoroughness.

It is not unfair to say, accordingly, that when Germany sprang the test of ordeal by battle on her European neighbours they were scarcely less ready than were the competitors of our expert in dumbbells to cope with him. To argue from their enemies' unpreparedness that the Germans were supermen would violate any logic based on reason.

And here a grotesque conundrum suggests itself: If it took the Germans, by devoting their chief attention to militarism, forty years to organize a magnificent army, and if it has taken the English, a non-militarist nation, two years to organize an army equal and in some respects superior to the German, who are the supermen?

Perhaps I am not deferent enough to the superman; but I deny that anything—whether a kaiser made of flesh and blood or a Krupp gun made of steel—should be an object of servile reverence, much less of worship. If I were hunting for a superman I should look for him in someone who achieved great victories against great odds. This has not been true of the Germans in the present war. Hindenburg in East Prussia and Poland, Mackensen in Galicia and the Balkans, Falkenhayn in Rumania, and the generals who led the dash into France and Belgium—all had great odds in their favour. As soon as the Allies rose anywhere near to an equality with them, the German spectacular successes ceased.

Even the fact that at the beginning of the war the total available man power of the Germans was only one-half that of the Allies does not entitle them to pose as supermen, for their geographical position and the abundance of their means of trans-

portation more than doubled—probably it trebled —their military potentiality. No other country in Europe had so fine a natural defense as Germany, with Austria bound to her. The fringe of neutral states, Holland and Denmark, protects her from attack by sea; the ridges of Alsace and Lorraine, accessible only through two or three gaps, which have been splendidly fortified, fend her from French invasion on the west; neutral Switzerland serves as a bulwark on the southwest; Austria lies between her and Italian or Slavic aggression on the southeast; and her eastern frontier, dotted with lakes and marshes, can be reached by Russian invaders only after they have crossed long stretches of country. Five German strategic railways can rush German troops by the hundred thousand to protect that frontier at any point from the Russians against one railway available for carrying the Russian armies westward.

The girdle of neutral states which have clandestinely furnished Germany with food and military staples, thereby prolonging the war by at least a year, should also be counted as an immense help to her. If those states had been integral parts of Germany that help could not have been rendered. Holland and Denmark would have been blockaded from the start.

To the incalculable advantage due to geography must be added that which the Germans enjoyed by seizing Belgium and northeastern France—a seizure that involved the breaking by the Germans of solemn treaties, and pilloried them as outlaws from civilization. We can hardly contend that the surprise and deceit and the outrage on morals and humanity which were the elements of their western invasion can qualify them as supermen, unless we agree that the ruffian who bludgeons his victim from behind at night is a superman.

Instead of calling supermen the German troops that were shuttled from east to west and from west to east in admirably appointed railway trains which took along with them artillery, food, and munitions, I should apply that term to Napoleon's Army of Italy, which marched on foot from Paris to Venice, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-equipped—a mob, rather than an army—led by the "little puppet with dishevelled hair," and which wiped out three Austrian armies of much larger numbers, commanded by Austria's most renowned generals. Similarly, was not Napoleon's assembling of the host with which he invaded Russia in 1812 a more astonishing task than that of mobilizing the Germans in 1914, or of dispatching them in trains and motors and trucks and lorries to any desired point?

Napoleon's conscripts *footed* it from the Pyrenees, or from Finisterre, or from Calabria—to Vilna. As you are whirled at forty miles an hour across the American continent amid such modest luxury as a Pullman car affords, if you happen to think of the pioneers—thirsty, weary, footsore, shrouded in doubts—who first blazed the trail over the prairies and the Rockies to the Pacific, do you look down on them as mere men? Do you look up to yourself as a superman?

With the best intentions in the world, I fear that we must dismiss the superman myth; or at least we must so revise our definition of superman that it will fit not those who can do things on a large scale because they have every contrivance at their disposal, but those who work marvels with a meagre outfit. Call Columbus, in his tiny *Santa Maria* of one hundred tons burthen, a superman if you will, but not the captain of a fifty-thousand-ton ocean liner.

III

In our glimpses at individual supermen and at concrete examples of their acts, perhaps we have not paid sufficient respect to the philosophic theory of the superman. The Germans assure us that in order to understand them, we must think Ger-

manly. They see themselves as supermen—giants among dwarfs; but through some regrettable defect in our vision we see them as a race of great vigour and remarkable attainments in certain fields but not at all as demigods or even as Titans. The notion that here and there a superman is born—a person "beyond good and evil," who is expected not only not to curb his appetites and passions, but to prove his supermannishness by giving them a free rein—is a very inebriating notion if you are clever enough to persuade yourself and your group that you are one of these privileged creatures.

The champions of the philosophy of supermania lean heavily on biology to support their creed. They have been misled by the phrase "the survival of the fittest." You might infer, to hear them buzz, that only the fittest survive, or, to put it conversely, the fact that you survive is proof that you are the "fittest." Possibly a German complacently accepts this as a self-evident truth, but most of us non-Germans, even in our moods of most inflated self-esteem, must have our doubts as to our being the "fittest." Historians will recall many individuals, dead long since in body but living on in spirit, who were "fitter" than any among us to survive;

nay, were there not many groups and even periods in the past which our "fittest" to-day cannot match?

To interpret history in this mechanical fashion is as unsafe as it would be to try to climb the Matterhorn by practising the goosestep. If the "survival of the fittest" meant what the German believers in the phrase claim, then long before our geological era one species of mammals would have devoured all the others, and there would be only one triumphantly "fittest" kind of bird, of insect, and of fish; and long ago one breed of men would have swallowed up or exterminated all other breeds. Has this happened? Has a tribe of supermen arisen to dominate the world?

There have been conquering races—Assyrians, Egyptians, Macedonians, Romans, Teutonic Barbarians (ancient and modern), Normans, Arabs, Turks, Spaniards, Anglo-Saxons, Frenchmen, Prussians—but it would be difficult to discover the quality common to them all which made each in turn "fittest." And if we discovered it we should learn only what made them military conquerors.

But ability for military conquest is only one form of "fitness," and not the highest. Marcus Aurelius, for instance, would have gone down before one of the brawny gladiators in the Colosseum;

or, to make the point even clearer, say that he had succumbed to a lion in the arena. How would his fitness to survive compare with that of the gladiator or the wild beast? Over the earth the common fly—*musca domestica*—is more plentifully diffused than even the Germans; fear of *lèse-majesté* restrains us from making any inference as to their relative fitness.

So there are, it seems, different kinds of fitness to survive; there are heights of excellence not dreamt of by the German General Staff; and there is human progress not to be measured or attained by the Prussian goose-step. "Fitness to survive?" After nearly eighteen hundred years the golden thoughts of Marcus Aurelius survive to-day in the hearts of thousands, but the names of the victorious gladiators in the Flavian Amphitheatre are forgotten, as those of Hindenburg, Moltke, and Mackensen will be when other standards of fitness than those of slaughter rule again. In days of Frightfulness like the present it gives solace to reflect that we can still hear Theocritus singing his idyls among the moonlit groves, while all the wicked tyrants of Syracuse associated with atrocious crimes are mere names or even less. And if to-day we had to choose between preserving the art, literature, and history of Athens and the *Kultur* of Germany

under William II, can there be any doubt as to which we should jettison? In blotting out the Sieges Allee we should deprive posterity of many a smile, and in throwing over the records of Pan-Germanism and Supermania we should deprive it of proofs of otherwise incredible racial hallucination; but, after all, Treitschke, Nietzsche, and the Hohenzollern Kaiser are but for a generation, whereas Thucydides, Plato, and Pericles are for all time.

May we not conclude, therefore, that when we subject the superman to the test of philosophy, or of biology, or of history, they refuse to recognize his claims?

"We have seen you before," they say: "we have watched your recurrent appearance in human affairs ever since the time when man, ceasing to be a quadruped, stood up on his hind feet. We strongly suspect, if you will permit us to say so, that you are really a survival of the quadruped, or *Infra*man, in the human race. We admire your adroitness in palming off *infra* as *super*, but really who are the people whom you have fooled in this way? Do they stand on their heads, or is their eyesight twisted, or do they dwell in asylums for the insane, or are they still quadrupeds?"

They are none of these; they are Germans.

IV

At the outset of our philosophic inquiry a chilling question confronts us: How can we know that the Germans are supermen? If the attributes of the superman are above those of mere man, what faculty has mere man by which to recognize them? For the superman is not simply a being in whom the talents of mere man are magnified many times—he is a higher creation. We can know Cæsar, Socrates, Napoleon, Emerson, because they, too, were men; but how can we know the superman any more than the kitten which chases its tail on the floor beside me knows my nature or my thoughts?

Perhaps our only way is to assume that the superman belongs to our genus and to study him experimentally as we would any other strange creature. So we shall be able to value him in human terms, which may or may not coincide with the value he has set upon himself.

I remarked just now that he does not appear to have excelled even in science in those large discoveries, the product of the creative imagination, which we associate with superior minds. The steamboat was invented by Fulton, an American; the locomotive, applied to the railroad, by Stephen-

son, an Englishman; the telegraph, by Morse, an American; wireless telegraphy, by Marconi, an Italian with an Irish mother; the telephone, by Bell, an American; and when we come to the field of war implements what surprise is this? Not German supermen, but mere men of other races dreamed, devised, and designed them. An American named Holland put the first submarine into the water; he, too, invented the submarine torpedo; Maxim, another American, invented the machine gun; two American brothers, the Wrights, set flying the first practical airplanes; Bessemer, an Englishman, discovered the process for making steel, without which Krupp guns, large or small, would not have existed; and nearly a century and a half ago a Frenchman, Montgolfier, invented the balloon, the principle of which underlies the Zeppelin, the dirigible, and all similar modern varieties. Even in the art of war itself, it was not the Germans who introduced trench warfare.

Not a German in all this list. The supermen turn out to be amazingly lavish borrowers of other men's ideas, prolific adapters, untiring imitators. Among men it is the discoverer—and not those who follow him or perhaps improve upon him—that is rated highest. Can the ranking be reversed

among supermen? Among them do the second-rates stand higher than the first?

If we leave the sphere of invention and enter that of basic principles, we find that no German, but a modest Englishman, Charles Darwin, announced the idea which has been the keynote of modern thought and of modern science. Louis Pasteur, a modest Frenchman, demonstrated the true method of biology; Michael Faraday, a modest Englishman, laid down the laws which have guided all subsequent students and appliers of electricity; Joseph Lister, another modest Englishman, conferred upon this suffering world the boon of antisepsis.

Our search for indisputable proof that Germans have been supermen in these many fields seems barren. Can they have been mistaken? Does not the giant know the length of his own belt? Who are we to doubt or to deny? Is it not presumptuous in moles to question the magnitude of elephants? In fairness we must judge the Germans by their achievements in the activity which they pronounce supreme. That activity is war, the sum and crown of all their ideals and talents. I have hinted, perhaps too audaciously, that in the actual war the Germans have revealed none of those transcendent qualities that must be, of

course, the martial heritage of supermen. Let us glance once more at this matter, which is evidentiy the final test for our poor human intelligence of the superman's claims.

We must never forget that when the Kaiser forced his atrocious war upon the world in August, 1914, he commanded the most stupendous army the world had ever seen; in equipment, in drill, in the speed of its mobilization, it had no rivals. It swept on, apparently irresistible, for thirty-six days; then Manoury found the crevice in the German giant's armour, plunged his sword into it, and the monster reeled backward. Four days later it was in full retreat. This is puzzling to the plain common-sense man. It surprised even the Germans themselves. In the happy days of Bourbon despotism in the Two Sicilies, the soldiers were given amulets, which, they were assured, would render them invulnerable to the bullets of their enemies. What must a Bourbon soldier have thought when he was brought to the ground by a ball that smashed his thigh? The Kaiser gave his German soldiers similar amulets—he told them that they were supermen and invincible. When they were beaten at the Marne and only by their superior running ability succeeded in reaching the Aisne in time to dig themselves in before their

pursuers came up with them, were they troubled by doubts as to the validity of their amulets? Being Germans, they probably indulged in no surmises, for the German soldier is trained not to think.

But a few weeks later the Kaiser, having been baffled at the Marne, decided to make a drive on Calais. What could hinder him? There were a hundred thousand British troops round Ypres, but the Kaiser had already in a speech sneered away General French's "contemptible little army." The Kaiser had been the master strategist and victor in the German grand manœuvres for twenty-five years, and his verdict on military qualities must therefore be final. So he sent half a million of his best troops on their promenade to Calais; but at Ypres the "Contemptibles"—who wear that as a name of honour forever—stood their ground; they had only rifles and small field pieces to oppose the heavy artillery and the machine guns of the enemy; they were mostly unused to European warfare fighting against the best regiments of Germany; they were only Britishers while their foes were Germans. And yet the "Contemptibles" held fast; many of them died with a cheer, but they held fast. The flower of the Kaiser's army never got beyond Ypres, either then or in the three years that have followed.

Here is another puzzle for the plain, common-sense mere man. If one Britisher can check and virtually defeat five Germans, which is the real superman? Let us pray to be "Contemptibles," and let us not begrudge the beaten supermen their Iron Crosses.

One form—is it not the most loathsome?—of German mendacity and deceit, is the bribery by the Germans of the armies of their enemies. Thus the superman did not overcome the Russians by superior military skill and bravery, but by corrupting those Russians—from the dweller in the Imperial Palace to generals, colonels, and mere captains—who had charge of supplying the Russian armies with food, munition, and clothing, or who led the troops. Russia was sold out by traitors: the buyers were the Germans. So, too, the regiments which started the Italian avalanche of panic at Plezzo had previously been stroked by German agents. Here again is a strange paradox. The supermen, who preach that war is the highest business of life—the pleasure which they chiefly yearn to enjoy—instead of indulging themselves to the full when they can, buy off, paralyze with bribes, the foes who should fight them. What can this be? *Kultur?* Stonewall Jackson did not win Chancellorsville or Grant take Vicksburg

by bribery. But then, they were not supermen, they were not Germans; they were honest, honourable, and chivalrous soldiers, and so were their adversaries.

V

EXCEPT for the way in which the Germans carried out Frightfulness after the war began, nothing so startled the world as their inability to comprehend the point of view of other nations. They were themselves astonished that anybody should criticize their campaign of rape, arson, and murder in Belgium and France or their disregard of solemn compacts. "Is not war war?" they asked. "Is a treaty more than a scrap of paper?" To them it was inconceivable that Belgium should hold her honour dearer than her safety—that England should stand by her pledges—that France should be moved by an instinct deeper than that of self-preservation. The Germans had been so long in the habit of assuming that the earth revolved on a German pivot that they took it for granted that all the other Powers would accept without demur the plea of "German necessity."

In ordinary life this trait is common enough; but instead of reverently kneeling to those who are afflicted by it we pity them, recommend seda-

tives or a bag of ice at the base of the brain, and meditation on the wisdom of humility. If now we are to believe that the swelled head is the sign of the German superman, shall we not ask what it profits him? If the state of being a superman deprives him of the power to understand the thoughts and motives of mere men, is he not to be pitied? For he lies at the mercy of insignificant creatures, who may in a week upset the plans he has been maturing for forty years. Who would wish to be a superman on those terms? An insignificant mere man can fathom the German's psychology while the German is as nonplussed as a South Sea Islander before an English Bible.

I have heard it argued that though we must deny to the Germans their claim, on military grounds, of being supreme—for measuring their performance in relation to their resources they have fallen far short of even a mere man like Napoleon, not to mention such ancients as Alexander and Hannibal —yet in mendacity and deceit they have beaten the world's record. Their spies burrow in all lands; their cunning corrodes every class of society; they have so far forgotten what truth is that they cannot fabricate a lie that looks enough like truth to be effective.

Frankly, the evidence is in their favour, for they

have brought mendacity to a degree of perfection that Metternich or Gortchakoff or Frederick the Great himself would have envied. We must go back to the Renaissance—to the consummate Papal masters of craft, to Sixtus IV or to Alexander VI, let us say—to find their equals.

And yet, having admitted this, having accepted the claim that they have spread their spider's web from Pole to Pole, we ought to point out in the name of truth—and truth must be heard even when lies are in question—that the most extraordinary aptitude for cunning and mendacity would not entitle its possessor to pass for a superman. Lies of all kinds are emitted like counterfeit money by the lower grade of mere men, and by degenerates, savages, and children. To base the German claim to supermania on a lie, therefore, may seem to the heartless singularly appropriate; but it cannot be established. No one argues that the Renaissance delinquents were supermen. Or, if we look simply at the practical side, the fact that an American detective served Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, as valet for twenty months, must always dispose of the German superman's claims to supremacy even in cunning.

The superman, as a member of a superpeople which, according to its prophets, must choose

between world power and downfall, deserves our heartiest sympathy. If you, reader, were to be suddenly obsessed by the idea that you must go out and whip everybody you met in the street or be whipped and cast on to the dump, would not you be an object of pity? Supermania seems so obsolete that it requires almost as great an effort of the imagination to believe that it has come to life again as that we are in danger of the resurrection of the Harpies.

In an insane asylum a patient had the delusion that he was Julius Cæsar, and his keepers humoured him—and all went well. After a while another patient came who imagined himself Charlemagne. He began to rattle the imaginary scabbard of an imaginary sword and to strut imperially; and the keepers humoured him, too—and all went well. That is the common-sense way in which, outside of Germany, they treat victims of supermania. Beyond the Rhine, however, they prefer a different régime. They say, "Hail Cæsar!" or "Hoch! Hoch! Charlemagne!" and they give him a real sword in a real scabbard, and obsequiously kiss the hem of his garment; and so they confirm his delusion in him. But presently the delusion reacts on themselves.

Granted that ambition is rooted very deep in

the human heart, its gratification in the form of dominating a conquered people has long since lost savour for civilized men and women. To gloat over the fact that, thanks to your superior force you can compel others to do your bidding against their will, allies you with the earlier types of barbarians who took delight in making slaves of their men, captives and concubines of the women. That is the attitude bred by despotism. Some of us have been so genuinely imbued with democracy that we feel not merely aversion but shame at the thought of compulsion derived by brute force, and we felt not elation but repugnance when, through a cruel stroke of fortune, several million Filipinos became our "subjects." Weaklings that we are, we are unworthy to catch that form of *Supermania Teutonica furibunda.*

With all its defects, history must at least be credited with one compensating virtue—it shows us that there is nothing new under the sun. Amid great calamities or horrors or despair wise Clio whispers: "This has happened before; worse than this have I seen; this, too, shall pass away."

History is not a prophet, but only recently she said: "The struggle between Right and Might is eternal. A century and more ago the gospel of the rights of man, of democracy, was embodied in

French armies which marched under the command of Napoleon from end to end of Europe, shaking down thrones and institutions. The personal ambition of Napoleon strove to use this earth-shaking force for his selfish ends. Then Europe rose and destroyed him, but Democracy went marching on."

VI

LOVERS of fact cannot fail to be grateful to the Germans, the self-announced supermen, for their complete demonstration that there are no supermen. Even over here in America it was a little annoying to harbour the suspicion that possibly the German professor, or the editor of the German newspaper, or the fellow who blew up factories and wrecked trains and hid bombs in passenger steamers, being German, might be a superman. To Yankee eyes the professor was simply a sneak, oily and eely; the editor, one of the brood that Bismarck called "reptile"; the bomber, a low villain in whom great cowardice did not preclude great crime. Our Yankee eyes have been justified by the pricking of the superman bubble. The Kaiser's workers here are no more and no less than our Yankee eyes have seen them to be—curious types of *infra*men whose portraits, under

other names, adorn the Rogues' Galleries, and whose peculiar activities are the study of the criminal pathologists of many nations. Even were the Germans to win the war the fact would remain that they are not supermen. The qualities they have tried to win by link them with Caliban—not with the angels.

The collapse of the superman myth will bring relief, not only to those who accepted it on too slight warrant and feared that the German supermen would overrun the world and persecute and cretinize its inhabitants, but it will also relieve those who saw that the superman creed, if true, meant the negation of whatever moral and spiritual ideals mankind has laid hold of in the course of its painful ascent from savagery.

To some of us it seemed rather late in the day for any of our contemporaries to puff out their chests and say: "Behold, we are the Chosen People!" And when they flaunted before our skeptical gaze their affidavit to that effect—signed by Professor Haeckel, and Professor Harnack, and the Professor of Entomology This and the Professor of Etymology That, and all the other ninety-three incarnations of German veracity, and boot-licking—instead of being convinced, our irreverent minds began to wonder whether Haeckel, Harnack,

and the rest had been cultivating their special fields of science with the same disregard of fact that they displayed in the easily verifiable theory of the Superman.

The doctrine of the Chosen People came at an early stage of development. Readers of the Old Testament find it tenaciously held by some of the ancient Hebrew tribes in Syria. For it to reappear three thousand years later among the Germans, whose Hohenzollern masters despised Jewry and Jews except when they could borrow money from them or use them as spies, seemed a comical reversion to an outworn primitive concept. Some of its supporters disguised it a little by clothing it in modern scientific phrase. We have heard their assertions about the "survival of the fittest." Others tell us that there have been only two "male" races—the Roman and the German. The Romans subdued all the "female" races of their epoch; the German mission is to bring all the "female" races of our time under their subjection. A delightful example of unconscious humour! Solomon, the sovereign of the Chosen People in 990 B. C., possessed a thousand flesh-and-blood females; William II, sovereign of the German chosen people in 1914 A. D., aspired to possess as many "female" races. So would the intimations of

Holy Scripture be fulfilled by the establishment of a political world-harem at Berlin.

The cult of the superman could flourish only in a time and among a people given over to materialism. The astonishing feats of the Germans were the product, as we saw, not of unusual genius—far less of any superhuman faculty—but of a nation whose men, women, and children, old and young, had been reduced to so complete a state of mechanical obedience that they could be directed by a single will just as every cog, wheel, belt, and spindle of a factory is controlled by the engineer who turns the power on or off. You may marvel, if you will, at the success that those have had whose interest it was to bring seventy million human beings to the state of machines; but when you look abroad over nature or over history you will come upon so many examples of docility and imitation that you will perceive that these qualities belong to a lower rather than to a higher order of intelligence. Watch a flock of sheep scampering after their bellwether, or a procession of caterpillars crawling in an unbroken line, one behind the other, wherever the leader takes them. How obedient they are! How German! Remember such vast collective enterprises as the Crusades, in which not merely one people but all the coun-

tries of Christendom—even tens of thousands of little children, so truly childish is the German frame of mind—were impelled by the same motive; remember with what efficiency the Inquisition did its work in Europe and America, and at its height yielded nothing in thoroughness and in black results to the highest Prussian standard. The thing itself is old; only this recent manifestation and the names are new.

On the teachability of the human biped his progress, of course, depends. Civilization inheres in the doctrines he is taught and in the spirit in which he uses them—the spirit: for the wisest and best men have discerned in man something invisible, intangible, immaterial, but most real, to which they give this name. There are two sorts of education: The one endeavours to liberate the spirit; the other to train those faculties which spring from the physical nature of man. The finished product of the former education is an individual who thinks for himself and wills for himself—and recognizes his moral responsibility; that of the latter is a machine who receives his thoughts from outside and whose will and acts are controlled by a master.

Submissiveness, obedience, docility, and all other forms of protective coloration from fear, date

from primitive times, when they were the effects produced by superior brute force on the weak. Later, cunning in various guises managed to share the mastery with force. In one way or another the weak were controlled through their fears; and, however we disguise it, the same is true to-day.

But certain aspirations are almost as instinctive as fears, and it is by playing on these aspirations that the greatest workers of iniquity—ambitious war lords and religious fanatics—have dissembled their purposes from the multitudes whom they employed to do them. Patriotism and religion are the commonest, the most effective of these deceptions. Either of them has the power, like a terrible drug, to deprive its victim of his normal human character. How else explain the pious edification with which crowds of the "faithful" witnessed the tortures and slaying of heretics; or the frenzied exultation of the spectators of the orgies of the French Revolution—worshippers not of Saint-Dominic but of Saint-Guillotine—for whose patriotic edification the heads could not drop fast enough into the blood-soaked sawdust? An unlimited capacity for hero-worship—which, like love, is blind—shows itself early in the development of the human race, and has been almost as great a source of evil as of good. If you turn

your hero-worship inward to yourself the efforts of all the angels cannot save you from falling, like the Germans, into the superman delusion.

To make men individuals and not mechanical atoms of a mass; to call out the spirit in them instead of reducing them to machines—that is the ideal which will forever overcome the German ideal of the Chosen People composed of supermen, who, when scrutinized, turn out to be parts of a gigantic mechanism. I repeat, man is compounded of matter and of spirit, and since his creation there has been a perpetual conflict between the two. For ages together matter seems to dominate; and then spirit breaks through, frees itself, and regenerates the world. Under the guise of the superman, matter has waged its latest war for empire, and it has been beaten.

Should we not be grateful to the Germans who have organized matter into the most remarkable machine man has ever contrived—a machine in which the human and the material parts are indistinguishable; a machine which the oil of Kaiser-worship lubricates and for which the fuel of patriotism supplies the power; a machine which represents the ultimate attainment of science? Having examined the prodigy can we not refresh ourselves with the thought that this is the best

and the worst that matter, whose spokesman is German science, can do? It cost Europe more lives than the present atrocious war will take, to get rid of the diabolical belief in witches. Shall we not say that that riddance was worth the price? Will not posterity declare that the exploding of the superman delusion, and of the giving over of the civilized world to German domination which that delusion threatened, was also worth the price?

More than thirty-five centuries ago the race which then inhabited the Plain of Shinar—the Prussians of those times and perhaps their forerunners—looking up at the sun and stars and more conversant with material than with spiritual laws, thought that they could build them a tower by which they could mount to those celestial regions and possess them. But the Lord, looking down upon their city and their tower, said: "Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city." The name of that tower was Babel, and never since that time

has the Lord given his approval to supermen who would conquer the earth in the Prussian spirit. The one language which will unite all the races is not the language of Frightfulness—the utterance of physical force and of science—but the language of Love, through which the souls of men speak.

To us to-day who have never had any doubts as to the relative position of matter and spirit, and who have never shared the folly of thinking that we or any other people are supermen, the price of the Atrocious War is staggering. But the great gods are infinite, and we can infer the importance they attach to this struggle by the magnitude of the human sacrifice they have allowed.

October, 1917.

II

AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS[1]

EMERSON concludes his essay on "Illusions" by a noble passage in which he describes how a youth, entering upon life, his soul fired by ideals, sees the gods in the firmament, every god sitting in his sphere. "The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movement and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives him hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself! Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the

[1]In January, 1917, the National Security League held a Congress of Constructive Patriotism in Washington. By invitation, I delivered this address on January 25, 1917.

clouds lift a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—alone with him alone."

During the calamity of this Atrocious War how many of us, like the youth, have been blinded by a storm of doubts and of horrors! We had lived so long in a world where we took it for granted that every person in Christendom agreed with every other in holding a few principles of honour, humanity, and justice, that we were amazed when Germany announced that its standard was the standard of Attila, that Moloch was its god and Frightfulness its method. Many souls anxiously asked themselves whether this new invasion of the Huns might not result in the destruction of our civilization, which we have drawn from the best of Judea, and Greece, from Rome, Italy, France, Holland, and England, and from those earlier Germans, who, like Goethe, repudiated the barbarian instincts of the Prussians. Progress does not advance at a uniform rate. Nations and systems go out, and nothing replaces them. Just as the highly cultivated Saracens went down before the crude and ruthless Spaniards, might it not be that our civilized nations must succumb before the new Barbarians, masters of every material device for waging war? Would another Dark Age, such

as that which prevailed in Europe from the fourth century to the twelfth, overshadow the world? What has happened once, may happen again.

Even as we whisper this doubt, we see through the battle smoke which palls the firmament a rift, and there sit the great gods as of old from everlasting. There are Justice, Honour, and Mercy; and there is the Avenger, who exacts retribution in strange and terrible ways. Their august faces look pityingly upon us, that we should have so little trust in spiritual reality as to believe that they could be destroyed by any material agency or by any change in geographical frontiers.

This is a moral world. Autocrats may tear up the scrap of paper on which the moral law is written; the paper goes, but the law remains unscathed. So, when I seek a cornerstone on which our international relations should rest, I find nothing more solid, nothing more durable than this—"Righteousness exalteth a nation." Never in history has it been as necessary as it is now to repeat and still to repeat this truth; for never before have the American people been seduced to believe that righteousness does not matter, that comfort and money-making, luxury and the means to evade moral obligations, are the proofs of national prosperity. For nations, as for men, the moral

consideration—character—is fundamental. Woe unto the leaders of a people who beguile them into preferring any material or any other gain to this.

In what I have to say, I assume this to be essential, for I cannot conceive that the United States will long count in international diplomacy, unless they recover the moral prestige which politicians have frittered away through cowardice, self-seeking, or incompetence. Numbers will avail us nothing. The larger the herd of sheep, the happier the pack of wolves. With an army of 3,200 men, of whom only 1,100 were Europeans, Clive defeated 68,000 native Bengalese at Plassy—Plassy, that stupendous battle which gave England the Indian Empire. So Japan, standing relatively as one to ten with China, smote China helpless. Age after age, history shows similar examples of the destruction of populous, enervated nations, by the few sturdy and strong.

Wealth will not help us! On the contrary, every additional dollar is an added incentive for the rapacity of predatory powers. Wealth is timid. Wealth has a dulled sense of honour. Wealth, like the goose that laid the golden egg, asks only to be left undisturbed on her nest. But the world is full of gunners eager for that kind of game.

What was once a matter of lifting cattle, or a border foray, has now become the chief business of nations which proclaim themselves the final embodiment of human superiority. They lay their plans forty years ahead. They establish a religion to sanctify their project. They bend science and invention, industry and education to make everything ready. They rename their ancient trade of highway robbery "patriotism." None but a fool can suppose that they will covet our wealth the less because it is enormous, or respect it the more because it is unprotected.

Others here will speak for military and naval preparation; I urge a need that precedes that—the need of national moral regeneration. Until we recover our national self-respect, until we realize that as Americans we have many sacred ideals which it is our duty to fight for and to die for, we shall never rank again among the great nations of the world. I make no specious claim to neutrality. Only a moral eunuch could be neutral in the sense implied by the malefic dictum of the President of the United States. I deny that there is no distinction between the ravisher and his victim; between Germany, brutalized by the creed of Moloch, and France heroically defending herself against the Teuton monster. I deny that a con-

flict in which civilization is at stake does not concern Americans. If Freedom, if Pity, if Humanity do not concern us, what does? Perhaps some future apologist will try to excuse these and similar doctrines, which comprise the Wilson Negations, on the ground that Mr. Wilson was misunderstood. I simply state the fact, without comment, that his words did more than any other single cause to change American public opinion.

It is largely because of these Wilsonian Negations of our fundamental beliefs that we are met in this Congress; for these negations have sifted like a subtle poison into the hearts of our countrymen—distorting the vision in some, destroying in others the power to distinguish between good and evil, causing many to look unmoved on unspeakable cruelties, and creating in most an ignoble desire not to be interrupted in their money-making and their pleasures.

The first step we must take in every field we have marked out for our work will be to abolish the evil growths which have sprung up from such seeds. We must repair the corroded moral fibre of the nation; we must restore patriotism; we must quicken our sense of moral obligation toward all the world; we must put an end forever to the damning implication that American men are the

only men on earth from whom manliness is neither expected nor required.

I pass to more specific concerns.

First, there is what I may call the technique of diplomacy. This can be executed only by trained experts—yet trained experts are almost as rare as nightingales in the State Department. Perhaps it is unavoidable that we should elect our presidents without reference to their qualification in international affairs; but there has grown up the indefensible custom by which the President appoints as Secretary of State his chief competitor[1] for the nomination. He might with equal sense appoint the man from whom he had just won a golf match, or the first red-haired stranger he met on Pennsylvania Avenue. To describe such a custom is to condemn it. Nor need I cite here the humiliations which it has recently brought upon us.

Another requisite for the proper conduct of diplomacy is reticence, reserve. Instead of this, garrulousness is the fashion. Notes bulging with literary style are indited and hurried to the press, almost before the persons to whom they were addressed can have received them. The public talks for a day or two about the writer's skill in trolling phrases, in balancing clause with clause, in in-

[1] William Jennings Bryan.

terspersing runs and cadences, in sending out venerable platitudes decked with new ribbon. But nothing happens, and after a while there follows another note, which may serve like its predecessor as a model to students of English composition.

This is a dangerous breach of diplomatic technique. If you are conducting an important business transaction, you do not rush into print about it before it is concluded. Directors do not choose a man to be president of a great corporation because he excels as an essayist. The great traditions of our diplomacy do not countenance this. The mightiest diplomatic message ever sent by an American took less than two lines. Here they are, as written on September 5, 1863, by Charles Francis Adams, our Minister in London, to Lord John Russell, the British Foreign Secretary: "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war." Earl Russell understood. He and Adams both knew the language which men use when they mean what they say and are not merely writing notes.

It is time that the State Department and the White House returned to practise diplomacy according to our great traditions.

Coming next to the substance of our foreign relations, we all recognize that the Atrocious War

has taught everybody, what has been evident to a few for some time past, that isolation no longer exists for us. In December, 1895, when President Cleveland sent his brusque message to England on the Venezuela Boundary, we literally broke into the arena of world politics. We then advanced into the Pacific by annexing the Hawaiian Islands; and became involved in the Asiatic tangle by taking the Philippines. We planted ourselves in the West Indies at Puerto Rico, and when we built the Panama Canal, we made ourselves, willy-nilly, warders of the American hemisphere.

I am not discussing the wisdom of these moves; nor of the Monroe Doctrine which, since Napoleon III's forced withdrawal from Mexico in 1867, had played little part in the popular imagination until Cleveland's Venezuela Message. Then the Doctrine took on a new edge, and European Powers rightly regarded it as a challenge, if not as a menace. Few of them probably dreamed of establishing new dominions on this side of the Atlantic, but the mere fact of a prohibition which curtails their future acts is a grievance. One Power, however, was just beginning to intoxicate itself with visions of a transoceanic empire: Germany saw in Brazil the richest region in the world still unexploited by any of the great countries. Brazil could

house the entire population of the Fatherland, and still have room for more. But the Monroe Doctrine declared that Germany should not control Brazil. During several years, Emperor William II strove, by secret intrigue or by open deeds, to discover whether the United States would defend the Doctrine, and finally, when in 1902 President Roosevelt informed him that he must consent within forty-eight hours to arbitrate the Venezuela difficulty or run the risk of war, the Kaiser understood that at least that American Administration was in earnest. He arbitrated.

Thus the Monroe Doctrine—which binds us to prevent foreign Powers from establishing a new dominion in either America—and our own acquisition of territory overseas, have destroyed our isolation—that fact on which much of our earlier policy was based. And now invention, which makes it possible for a European enemy to attack us by submarine or by aircraft, deprives us also of the isolation which geographical remoteness gave.

Before we can pursue a consistent and continuous foreign policy, therefore, we shall need to decide whether to cling to the Monroe Doctrine, or to let it lapse. How can we enter into any European or Asiatic combination which would entitle us to meddle in the affairs of Europe or

Asia, so long as we refuse to allow foreign nations to interfere, even in matters which chiefly concern themselves, with any American country? Reciprocity is so obviously the principle which should govern civilized intercourse, that we cannot go on claiming universal privileges and conceding none. When the war ends we shall be an almost defenseless nation in a world every one of whose able-bodied men is a soldier—a world little inclined to respect a people who wince at the thought of suffering or sacrifice. It may be then that one foreign nation, or several, may infringe on our Monroe Doctrine and may say, if we remonstrate: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" What should we reply? What could we do about it? No foreign policy is stronger than the physical force it can command to back it up, in case it is put to the test of war.

Thanks to the European complications during the past twenty years—thanks also to the protection of the British fleet—we could flaunt our defiance with slight danger of being called to defend it; but, as there is little likelihood that this immunity will serve us much longer, we must determine, with all the soberness, foresight, and judgment we possess, how much, if any, of the Monroe Doctrine we will stand by.

Interlocked with this, is the question of our joining in any league to enforce peace after the present war—a project which, however we may sympathize with it, presents many diplomatic difficulties. There is also the further disadvantage, so far as we are concerned, that at present our ability to enforce anything is so puny, that we should be the laughing-stock in any league the other members of which would have from ten to fifty times our quota. Switzerland to-day can mobilize half a million men; while the United States has not fifty thousand of similar quality.

A third matter is involved in the settlement of these two—a tradition older than the Monroe Doctrine, and, owing to its venerable origin, not lightly to be abandoned. In his Farewell Address, written in 1796, Washington warned his countrymen: "'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world." For 120 years this warning has been the guiding principle of our statesmen, irrespective of party; and yet as Mr. Beck has recently urged with characteristic clearness, the time has come when we must consider whether our foreign policy ought longer to be bound by it.

A maxim which, having outlived the conditions to which it originally applied, if preserved as a

fetish may do much harm; for the effort to perpetuate the obsolete phrases and ideas of creeds and constitutions blocks the spread of living truth; and unless truth be alive, what is it? Now any one who reads Washington's Farewell Address attentively must perceive that it consists of certain broad restatements of the eighteenth-century political wisdom and of certain specific recommendations. He introduces his advice in regard to "permanent alliances," for instance, by the questions: "Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground?" When we inquire what he meant by the "peculiar situation" which was so advantageous to us, we find, of course, that he meant our isolation. It took from four to six weeks then for a ship to cross the Atlantic. Even in Europe the communications were so slow, and so often interrupted, that it required the better part of a month for news to pass between London and Vienna or Berlin and Madrid. How difficult, therefore, must it have been for the United States to follow the shifting combinations of war or diplomacy from so great a distance!

Washington had also another reason for bidding his countrymen not to entangle themselves in the European quarrels. He knew that the great task

for the young American Republic was to develop freely according to its own nature—to become thoroughly American and thoroughly Republican, unvitiated by foreign interests or examples.

To-day the argument against permanent alliances, so far as it is based on geographical isolation, has disappeared. We could not isolate ourselves if we tried. The second argument has likewise so changed as to be no longer valid. We do not need to go abroad, to run the risk of being vitiated by contact with foreigners and their ideals; for we have adopted nearly twenty-five million foreigners since 1860. Accordingly, the problem is already internal, and not merely external.

I do not believe, therefore, that, if Washington were alive, he would continue to insist on our observing his warning against alliances. Like other consummate statesmen he was an opportunist. He held certain moral doctrines from which nothing could swerve him; he cherished ideals which he always strove to realize; but in dealing with each present fact, he was a stern realist, unbefogged by theory and unscared by custom. And just as he would never have prepared an outfit of pontoon bridges to cross a river dry enough to be forded, so he would not now ground the international policy of the United States on an isolation which does not exist.

While it seems likely that further appeal to Washington's judgment in this matter may soon cease, his warning against the concrete dangers of a foreign alliance cannot grow out of date. These dangers should be kept in mind always, and should be emphasized whenever it is proposed to incur them, because whenever we wish strongly to do a thing, we exaggerate the expected benefits and minimize the risk.

A historian who indulges in prophecy deserves the fate of a fish out of water. Recall what the prophets were glibly saying, and half the world was believing, less than three years ago. There would never be a great war because (1) the engines of destruction had become so terrible that no troops would stand up before them; because (2) commerce had bound the nations together, and identified their interests; because (3) there would not be money enough to finance a war on the modern scale; because (4) the Socialists and proletarians everywhere, members of a world-wide international brotherhood, would refuse to fight against their fellows; because (5) no government or monarch could be so wicked or insane as to plunge mankind into the most horrible catastrophe in order to gratify personal or dynastic pride.

So argued the prophets; yet within three

months the war which they had proved impossible, had burst upon the world. After thirty months, this war is raging still. Such an example should put prophecy out of fashion for half a century. I, at least, will predict nothing definite as to what will happen at its close.

But as it is clear, even now, that international readjustments on a world scale will be called for, so we may outline what might well be the general policy of the United States in the new system. For in spite of Washington, we shall be more inextricably entangled than ever.

Twenty years ago Secretary John Hay said that by holding fast to the cardinal principles of the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule, American diplomacy could hardly go far wrong. To-day, as I have remarked, the stability of the Monroe Doctrine is in doubt, and the Golden Rule was abrogated when our Government uttered no protest against the ravishing of Belgium. Whether the Monroe Doctrine stay or go, the restoration of the Golden Rule should be the first object of our Executive Department; because that describes the spirit in which all our diplomacy—nay, all our relations with the world—should be conducted. "In my experience of diplomatic life," John Hay said further—he was speaking in 1901—"which

now covers more years than I like to look back upon, and in the far greater record of American diplomacy which I have read and studied, I can say without hesitation that we have generally told squarely what we wanted, announced early in negotiation what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms." Let us restore this simple, straightforward spirit to our diplomacy; let us stand again honoured among the nations.

There are two matters on which the United States ought henceforth to exert a great influence; these are War and Democracy.

When the present struggle ends, there should be a more serious effort than has ever been made before to conclude with the Great Powers of the world some league or agreement to prevent future wars. Militarism must be banned, as head-hunting—its primitive manifestation—was long ago banned. We must smite the old falsehood that human nature is always the same; on which is based the fallacy that war always has been and always will be. Most of the gains which have raised man above his original brute state have been made in spite of, and often forcibly against, nature. Cannibalism was once common and quite in the way of nature; it is still practised by savages,

but nobody urges this as a reason why we should be cannibals. So, too, of slavery. The historic fact is that the monarchs—who are the instigators of most of the wars—have always encouraged the idea that war is inevitable. If they worked as zealously for peace, can we suppose that peace would not ensue? Latterly we have heard that war is a biological necessity. This fallacy also, based on a misinterpretation of the phrase "survival of the fittest," has been exploded. Nearly two hundred years ago Cardinal Fleury, the astute minister of Louis XV, remarked to an enthusiast who had written a book to show how future wars could be prevented: "You have forgotten, Sir, as a preliminary article, to commence by sending a troop of missionaries to incline the heart and mind of the princes."

It will devolve upon the United States, which have no Hohenzollern, or Hapsburg, or Romanoff or other dynastic ambition to serve by promoting war, to lead the nations of the world to recognize that peace, not war, should be civilized man's normal condition; and this we can never do by reiterating the catchwords of peace-at-any-price fanatics.

Finally, the United States must stand among the Powers as the exponent of Democracy. Our

diplomacy must be democratic. We must cease to have an apologetic, or by-your-leave manner in our international conferences—a manner which is not less offensive than that of the spread eagles who sometimes fill the halls of Congress with their screams. The representatives of Autocracy never apologize; they never beg pardon for urging their claims; as Adams remarked, they never indulge in "superfluous courtesy," nor take care to hide their belief that those with whom they are dealing are inferior beings. Let our diplomacy body forth, without bluster or evasion, its democratic essence.

One who has had the vision of Democracy knows only too well that this ideal has never been realized, even afar off, in any actual democracy; but he knows that in this vision lies the hope of the human race. Despotism, the virtual ownership of the many by one or by a few, has existed since the days of the cavemen. Strip it of its modern trappings and subterfuges, which serve to disguise its real nature, and it is still in many respects pursuing the aims of the cavemen. But just as it required many ages before the revelation came in religion that each human being has an inviolable soul through which to apprehend the Infinite, so in civil and political life the conception developed slowly that each individual has rights which no

despot—call him kaiser or call him "the State," as you please—should infringe. Then the conviction sank in that under Liberty alone can man attain his highest scope. As he is a moral agent, so he must be free to choose and to act; under Despotism, both his choice and his acts are compulsory.

And so Democracy arose as the ideal system. Merely by being, it became the irreconcilable Antagonist of Despotism; every inch it gained, meant so much shorn from the despot's absolutism. During the nineteenth century, Democracy's advance seemed so irresistible, that we came to assume that it could not be checked, and we further assumed that its doctrines were so self-evident that any one who understood them would embrace them. In truth, however, ever since the fall of the Bastille in 1789, autocrats, and the privileged classes on which they depend, have been slowly assembling their forces in order to crush democracy. That is the motive at the heart of the present war.

With the world thus aligned—the forces of Democracy on one side, the forces of Despotism on the other—an alignment which seems likely to stand for years, the general international policy of the United States is clear. In every combina-

tion into which the question of Despotism enters as an integral and essential part, we must uphold the side of Democracy. To do less than this would be to deny our faith.

Cases may arise in which we join with despotic countries to achieve a common purpose, but that purpose must be liberal, not despotic. Thus at the time of the Revolution we accepted the help and alliance of the despotic King of France—and to that alliance we owe more than we can ever repay. Thus, too, in 1859, Cavour did not hesitate to procure the assistance of the despot Napoleon III, in order to free Italy. Such examples show how our policy should turn.

And so I repeat that, henceforth the United States must exert a greater influence than ever for Democracy. This supreme inheritance has come to us through no merits of our own. How many ages Destiny waited! Not to Greece or Rome, not to Imperial Spain, not to Renaissance Italy or France, not to Germany or to Russia did the Fates entrust this last, best gift; but they poured into the hearts of Washington and Adams, of Jefferson and Hamilton and Franklin an understanding of Democracy, and confided to them the founding of this Republic. And later, Destiny embodied Democracy in Abraham Lincoln.

In the long run alliances like friendships should be based on affinity. We should cleave to those whose traditions, whose ideals, whose standards of civilization are closest to ours. "By God! blood is thicker than water!" exclaimed the American Commander Tatnall, nearly sixty years ago, when he saw British men-of-war being hammered by the Chinese Forts; and he opened fire on the Forts. Thirty years later, when the preposterous German Admiral Diederichs threatened to attack Commodore Dewey at Manila, it was the British Commander Chichester who assured Dewey that he would stand by him. And at that very time, when Germany was secretly urging England to join a coalition to prevent the American fleet from operating against Spain, England replied that her fleet would be found between any coalition fleet and the American. Blood is thicker than water! Let that be remembered by the shapers of our future policy.

This is our inheritance; this is our trust. Unless we are the backsliders we have lately seemed to the world, we must renew our faith in Democracy. We must be Democratic through and through at home—at home, where the most insidious anti-Democratic enemies are at work—in order to represent Democracy in the eyes of all mankind. The

Great Experiment has reached its crisis. Democracy, unorganized and undisciplined, is assailed by the elaborately prepared array of Despotism. Woe unto us if through our defection Democracy perish.

III

ARE THE HOHENZOLLERNS DOOMED?

THE German ultimatum of January 31, 1917, with its affront to the United States, and its ill-disguised attempt to humiliate us by taking away our independence on the seas, was accepted at its true value by right-minded Americans. Not sufficient attention has been paid to it, however, as a symptom of the state of the German Empire, and especially of the anxiety of the German Kaiser. The resumption of submarine Frightfulness meant but one thing—desperation.

Persons on the inside who knew the straits Germany was in believed the act of desperation would not be committed before next May or June; that it was ordered for February first indicates that the German plight was keener than had been supposed. Not that the Germans were actually starving, but that they had reached the point where they felt hungry all the time, and were beginning to understand that, as there was no

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blood by the General Staff long before—perpetrated atrocities hitherto unpractised in modern times by civilized men, the Kaiser saw to it that his Germans should believe that these atrocities were perpetrated on German soldiers by the French and by the Belgians. And this transparent deceit, which an Iroquois Indian would have disdained, was resorted to when each new horror was let loose, and the German people was duly humbugged.

As time went on the Kaiser's scale of falsifying facts reached larger proportions. He told his Teutons and the world, for instance, that the United States had no right to export munitions to the Allies: and yet for fifty years Prussia has sold munitions to any belligerents in time of war, and sold them impartially, and the Kaiser has presumably enjoyed the extra dividends which this traffic brought to him as a stockholder in the Krupp Works. His paid agents in the United States worked this dodge so persistently that they succeeded in having a bill introduced into Congress to put an embargo on the exportation of munitions. And yet no one doubts that if American munitions could have been or could now be landed in Germany the Kaiser would have bought as many of them as American dealers could supply.

Next he declared that the British blockade was

illegal, because a blockade to be legal must be effective; but in the same breath he protested against the cruelty of the British who by their blockade were starving the innocent non-combatant women and children of Germany. Yet to-day he is justifying the renewal of the submarine Frightfulness on the ground that by it he can quickly starve England into submission and raise the British blockade which has reduced the Fatherland to hunger. "Well," we ask, "how can the British blockade be both ineffective and so devilishly effective at the same time?" But why expect even the consistency of a successful liar from clumsy perjurers who, when one false statement fails, contradict it by another equally false?

Of all the German transactions with mendacity none has a more comic aspect than that by which they attempted a few months ago to convince their people that the Allies were responsible for the continuation of the war. "We have beaten them," said the Kaiser and his echoes, "and yet they insist upon going on fighting. They are a wicked people not to know when they are beaten. Let the blood of further contest be on their heads! In my desire for peace, in my abhorrence of the inhumanity of war, I graciously condescend to stop now and to grant terms which will leave them

shorn of territory, devastated, impoverished, and mightily bereaved,and will establish beyond cavil the fact that militarism pays and that there is no punishment for a predatory War Lord." Such the substance of the Imperial declaration.

Similarly comic was the Kaiser's pronouncement as to the Battle of Jutland when he assured the world that he had won the sublimest naval victory of all time, a victory by which he became Lord High Admiral of the Atlantic (and probably of other oceans). Now a victory of that kind is easily verified. The victorious fleet not only holds the scene of the conflict, but it passes imperiously and unchallenged over every sea. But the German fleet that fought off Jutland not only did not stay on the scene, but it actually slunk away under cover of darkness to its well-protected base, from which it has taken care not to emerge since, its chief audacity being to send out occasionally in the night or in a fog a cruiser that can quickly run home when she sees an enemy. Such practices revolutionize our conception of a naval victory. Nelson's fleet did not slink away after Trafalgar, nor did Farragut after he crushed the enemy at Mobile Bay; and yet a victory so overpowering as to entitle the Kaiser to the supremacy of the ocean must at least have

been as decisive as those of Farragut and of Nelson.

The Kaiser now protests to his Hunnish hearers that the responsibility for war between Germany and the United States must fall on us. Germany, he says, has never wished for war with America. "Why should she?" we ask; "for, ever since 1914, she has committed with impunity whatever war-like or atrocious acts she chose. Her agents conspired at violence here, to terrorize our people. They blew up factories, mines, and steamships; they connived at assassination; they organized sedition; on the high seas she destroyed our ships and our citizens without even an apology: and latterly, her submarines have sunk all ships without warning. Her crimes against humanity make respectable the deeds of pirates who sailed under the black flag."

And when at last the United States takes steps to dispose of the German monster, Germany whines that she ought not to be treated in this fashion. A gunman, who shot up a town at pleasure, and insisted that nobody must stop him, could not act more contemptibly, if, when the police surrounded him, he whimpered that it wasn't fair. But the Prussian whimper has always been the counterpart of the Prussian truculence.

It was doubtless as pleasant for the Kaiser to beguile his subjects with such tales, as it is for the victim of paresis to insist that he is sovereign of the world: but, as the Arab proverb says, "Falsehoods, like chickens, come home to roost." And even in Germany, if we may judge by the signs which reach us in spite of the most rigorous censorship, willingness to swallow the Kaiser's assertions is no longer universal. German soldiers who have gone back from the front have told their people that the army never entered Paris; and a few civilians, at least, must know that the German fleet, instead of sailing triumphantly over the Atlantic, has huddled prudently under cover at its base. The facts in regard to the rest of William's falsifications have also trickled through the dense barrier officially raised against the passage of perilous truth and through the predisposition to accept the Kaiser's utterances as a revelation from heaven.

How far this has gone we cannot say, but the fact that the truth has penetrated any German minds—as recent utterances in the Reichstag indicate—is of great significance; for it must inevitably spread, and unless the entire German nation is as barbarous as the acts and creeds of the Prussian militarists who have misled it, there will be, when

the truth is generally understood, a mighty revulsion against the misleaders, the Kaiser first of all. That he has already had an inkling of this possibly appears from the frequency with which he has disavowed his responsibility. "I did not will war," he has reiterated; but if the war were really the stupendous victory which he has also proclaimed it to be, is it not strange that he evades taking credit for it? Such modesty in him would be unlooked for; assuredly, it is suspicious.

The political revolution in Russia has given the Kaiser and his Ring terrible anxiety: for although the Slavs at Petrograd who carried that revolution through are, politically, far in advance of the Germans, there is still the possibility, at least, that some Germans may try to imitate them, and so start an avalanche which may bury the Autocrat and his satellites. The deification of the Czar did not save him: what if the "Me and Gott" superstition should fail to save the Kaiser?

From now on the gnawing at the stomachs of seventy million Germans—a gnawing that will grow day by day more mordant as the means to appease it lessens—will force the seventy million German minds, dependent on those hungry stomachs, to inquire: "What have we been fighting for? Why should we go on fighting?" The se-

ductive dream of World-Empire, which they had been taught to cherish, during the twenty years before 1914, was dashed at the Battle of the Marne. The dream which they substituted for it of an empire extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, seems likewise unattainable. "Why, then, should we go on fighting? All these projects were undertaken to gratify the ambition of the Kaiser, who imagined himself greater than Napoleon, and of the Junkers and militarist oligarchy, who, having throttled Prussia, have Prussianized Germany. The Kaiser and his henchmen deceived us by assuring us that the immense costs of this war would not fall upon us but upon the vanquished enemy, from whom crushing indemnities would be wrung; but we see now that there will be no indemnities except those that we may be compelled to pay. The deceivers, these betrayers of Germany, have sacrificed her good name. Only a generation ago, before we were inoculated with the Prussian virus, which like a serpent's sting maddens its victim, we were honoured throughout the world: where is our honour now? Our word is despised: we tear up treaties and forswear our pledges; by our system of Frightfulness we have reverted to the level of Huns and have earned the loathing and abhorrence of the

civilized world forever. What gain in territory could compensate for this loss of honour or could redeem us from this reversion to the standards of the brute?"

Such poignant questions we can believe that the intrepid Liebknecht and those who think like him, are already asking themselves; and the number of such questioners must surely increase. We can easily imagine that the princes and the people of the non-Prussian German states also will begin to search their hearts. The King of Bavaria, for instance, may wake up to perceive that he has been wasting his Bavarian treasure and his Bavarian troops in a war for the glory of Prussia and of the House of Hohenzollern. Possibly some Bavarian will recall that complimentary Prussian saying—"A Bavarian is the missing link between monkeys and Austrians." Even if the war had resulted in the winning of world-power, it would be Prussia and the King of Prussia who profited by it; and in proportion as the King of Prussia, under his alias of the German Emperor, become magnified, the King of Bavaria would be reduced to insignificance. And this would be true of the King of Würtemberg and the other princes. If the war ends in the defeat of Germany without the destruction of Prussian militarism, it is quite within probability

that Prussia may annex Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and the other autonomous states, depose their rulers, and abolish their independent governments. This action might serve as a sop for the insatiable ambition of the Hohenzollerns. Nor is the idea fanciful, since Bismarck in 1866 despoiled Hanover and other non-Prussian German states in order to aggrandize Prussia. When such thoughts begin to seethe in the brain of the Bavarian King, he, too, may ask himself: "What are we Bavarians fighting for?" So long as there was a likelihood that he and his brother princes might receive a share of the world—which the Pan-Germanists, inspired from Prussia, preached was to be won in this war—they might think it worth while to engage in the adventure. Paternal and dynastic pride must justifiably swell at the thought that the Bavarian Crown Prince might rule as Proconsul of England, or a Würtemberg prince as Satrap of New York State, or a Saxon personage as Viceroy of India, and all within a year or two. But General Foch pricked all those bubbles on September 9, 1914.

In nothing have the Hohenzollerns since 1871 been more astute than in persuading the non-Prussian Germans that their welfare, if not their very existence, depended upon the House of Hohen-

zollern. Military service fostered this creed; so did the educational system, which, from the kindergarten to the highest grades of the university, magnified the person and authority of the Kaiser. The mighty influence and fame of Bismarck—to whom was owing far more than to the King of Prussia himself the creation of the German Empire, with the consequent glorification of the Hohenzollern—helped immensely in this process, because he was regarded as a German national hero long before they were accepted as the national overlords. The schoolboy of Baden or Saxony or Bavaria was brought up to acknowledge allegiance to the ruler of his special state, but he inevitably recognized a higher allegiance to the German Emperor, who was actually supreme. If the German Emperor decided to make war, the small monarchs had perforce to follow him; because, although there is the pretense of equality in the German Imperial Federation, it is a pretense and nothing more. From 1866, Prussia has taken care to hold the dominant vote and the little princes have taken care, after casting their vote, not to risk extinction by thwarting Prussia.

The question now is whether the loyalty of the Germans to the Hohenzollern monarch will hold in disaster. Now, when the Kaiser has not won,

what do non-Prussians think? They say little or nothing yet—except a few significant voices in Parliament—because it is still dangerous to speak out; but they must be thinking; and as they enjoy once a fortnight the luxury of an ounce of meat-dripping or a quarter of a sausage, they must be formulating opinions in regard to the Kaiser who has reduced them to this.

What are their opinions? Do they begin to suspect that they were duped by those rainbow promises of the Kaiser? Do they ask on what ground the Kaiser and the General Staff asserted that the war would be a very easy enterprise—two or three weeks in which to destroy France and then a month, at the longest, to crush Russia? Do they doubt whether a war lord who made so colossal, so ruinous, a misestimate of the primary factors in the war, is a leader to be trusted or to be obeyed any further? How must German fathers and mothers feel on learning that when the Kaiser was told at the beginning of the war that it would cost a million lives to hack his way to Paris, he replied, cold-bloodedly: "Go ahead! We can spare them!" This same Kaiser sacrificed half a million Germans at Verdun in the hope of winning a victory which would give prestige to the degenerate Crown Prince: do the scores of thousands

of bereaved families of those soldiers, immolated for the dynastic schemes of the Hohenzollerns, regard such slaughter, for such a purpose, with approval? On one hand, half a million of the best soldiers in Germany, on the other, a weasel-featured crown prince.

The stability of the Kaiser obviously depends on his success in hiding from the German people the truth about the war. It seems unlikely that he can keep up much longer his original falsehood that the jealous and wicked enemies of Germany had leagued themselves together against the German nation. For a long time, myriads of Germans have known that this was not true, but of course they have held their tongues. The silly pretense that Belgium was about to invade the Fatherland has also been discarded. So, too, the charge that England was the aggressor fell foolishly when it was known that, at the outbreak of the war, she had less than 160,000 soldiers ready for immediate service, and that she required more than a year in order to train and to put into the field a million men. Many Germans are quite aware of these truths now but they go on denying them because they do not dare to disobey orders from above, and because the official German has been taught to believe that a lie well stuck to is more effective than truth.

But what will happen when the day of disillusionment comes to the German people, when they understand that the war was not thrust upon them by wicked enemies but that their Kaiser and his militarist ring engaged in it for selfish and dynastic ends? The Kaiser can hardly go on much longer appeasing them by telling them that they hold Belgium and northeastern France, Poland, Serbia, and Roumania. Even a docile people will at last inquire why it is that these victories, instead of bringing peace, simply serve to protract the war? Why does each "victory" increase their hunger? The answer is, to quote a common Hindu proverb, that "He who holds a tiger by the ears dares not let go"; but the Kaiser, of course, would not vouchsafe so true a statement. Nevertheless, the German people must before long begin to suspect the truth, and in their hour of disillusionment they may rise in wrath and smash the House of Hohenzollern. That is what other races, more advanced in political consciousness and self-respect and less servile in traditions, would do. We surmise that that is what the Kaiser himself fears they may do. He is now in a position similar to that of the French Terrorists. He has adopted the atrocious method of unlimited submarine warfare as a last desperate expedient, just as Robe-

spierre, in 1793, resorted to the frightful dispensation of the guillotine which never stopped. Atrocity for atrocity, the Kaiser's is the more abominable, and it may fail him as surely as unlimited guillotining failed to save the Terrorists.

The French—a high-spirited people, accessible to the noblest ideals, but ground down and almost cretinized by the Bourbon régime—rose and ousted the Bourbon king and put him to death, and then, when they found themselves being exterminated by the Terrorists, they rose and guillotined them. The Germans are a very different people, but, sooner or later, they, too, will feel the irresistible impulse of liberty and will rise against the Hohenzollern Dynasty which has deprived them of it, which has seduced them into a terrible war, subjected them to immense hardships, and brought them to the brink of ruin. Perhaps the day is at hand when they will repudiate their betrayers.

IV

JOHN HAY'S POLICY OF ANGLO—SAXONISM[1]

THE permanent hates and friendships of a nation, like those of an individual, should be rooted in character, not in caprice. Among the elements which go to form character in a nation, is geography: thus, but for her unexampled geographical position, Germany for instance would never have thought of dominating Europe and the world; for geography more than doubles the fighting advantage of her military power.

When we look back over history, however, we find that caprice rather than character has often been the cause of wars and of international likes and dislikes. Under caprice, we must reckon the personal ambition, dreams, theories, of rulers and statesmen—a fact which sufficiently confutes those who assert that the individual counts for nothing in shaping human destiny. Take England and France during the nineteenth century, and see how their governments blow now hot now cold. After Waterloo, when the Napoleonic peril

[1]From the *World's Work*, November, 1917.

was crushed, England got on comfortably with France for more than two decades, and then—on Louis-Philippe's attempt to marry the French princes to women who, England thought, would dangerously increase the political influence of France—England was on the point of declaring war on France. And yet, in less than ten years she had joined France in an actual war against Russia. The Crimean Campaign had scarcely been ended before England, alarmed by the supposed truculence of the French Emperor and his militarist ring, was preparing for a war with France. Nevertheless, during the American Civil War official England combined with France in abetting unofficially the Southern Confederacy. Owing to the shortsightedness of British statesmen, which led them to follow rigidly their policy of splendid isolation; owing also to the pro-German preferences of Queen Victoria and her Court, England allowed Prussia to mangle Denmark in 1864, to overwhelm Austria in 1866, and to crush and dismember France in 1870-71.

Thereafter, however, she began to have an inkling of what the domination of a Prussianized Germany meant, and in 1875 when Bismarck planned to force another war on France and to bleed her white—for she had recovered her strength eco-

nomic and military too rapidly for him—England privately intimated to him that she could not tolerate such aggression.

In 1882 came the upheaval in Egypt, which broke up the dual control of England and France, and left in its wake much rancour. During the twenty years which followed, her relations with France fluctuated between friendliness and distrust bordering on hostility. And yet at the Congress of Berlin, Lord Salisbury connived with Bismarck to give France a free hand in Tunis—an act which was secretly intended by Bismarck to weaken France in her capacity to attack Germany. Then the Fashoda Incident flared up and kindled in British breasts a sudden fiery desire for war.

Here assuredly is a list—I might lengthen it if I went into more details—which shows the lack of a solid policy toward France during the nineteenth century; this lack must be attributed, of course, to the absence of any great foreign minister in England during that period—for the fiction cherished by British Tories, that the late Lord Salisbury was a great Foreign Minister, is exploded. With the accession of King Edward VII, in 1901, light began to break. He saw, and his advisers saw, that the great menace,

not only to England's commercial prosperity but to the peace of the world, was Germany's now unconcealed ambition with which the House of Hohenzollern identified its fortunes. England abandoned her splendid but sterile isolation. Within five years Edward the Tactful had quietly made agreements with France and other countries, to repel, if need be, a German irruption. So much for the mottled Anglo-French relations during the century between Waterloo and the outbreak of the Atrocious War. Does not this record suggest that those relations have been almost haphazard, not to say opportunist in the shallowest sense?

Consider, now, how England and the United States have got on together since our American Independence was sealed at Yorktown in 1781.

The Colonies revolted against the Mother Country primarily to recover the liberties which every Englishman regarded as his own by right of a long inheritance. As the war went on, and the wisest Americans looked forward to the condition which would confront them at its close, they decided that not Liberty alone but Independence also must be achieved. And so they created a new nation, a Republic in form but embodying in its substance the very principles of the English Commonwealth from which they had broken away.

They had the same love of liberty, the same instinctive veneration for individual rights, the same common law. There is much to be said in favour of those historians who regard the installation by the United States of a Democracy in form as well as in substance as the logical consummation of the political and social evolution which had gone on in England since the Norman Conquest. That evolution found at home great obstacles to the regular process; but in America, where the conditions were obviously freer, where also the retarding survivals of Feudalism had gained no foothold, Democracy, the inevitable product of Anglo-Saxonism, found a natural home.

So the American Revolution was like a family break, in which when the son comes of age, and is thwarted or oppressed by an obdurate father, he asserts his own independence; and, as usually happens in family breaks, much bitterness remained on both sides. American patriots could always rouse their countrymen by citing the wicked acts or intentions of the British; and the British often justified such citation. If any of them ever dreamt that some time or other the new American Nation would fall to pieces and be absorbed in the British Empire, the War of 1812 quenched that dream. That war, rather

inglorious on both sides, left no doubt as to the permanence of the United States. Thenceforth the official, commercial, and social relations of the two countries became almost friendly; but the Americans felt keenly the superciliousness of some of their British critics. They were conscious of being engaged in the work of building up a mighty nation; they wished to be judged by their ideals and not by the imperfections of the moment. So they winced when Dickens held up the barbarities of a frontier village as if it were a fair example of the fruits of American Democracy; they winced when Sydney Smith asked: "Who reads an American book?" Now, just as in a family feud, perhaps overfrank criticisms wound the sensitive members without causing overt hostility, so this attitude of the people of the Mother Country toward their cousins across the sea caused heart burnings but led to no open quarrel.

Indeed, the United States had so far reëstablished official friendship with England that as early as 1823—only eight years after the battle of New Orleans—President Monroe and John Quincy Adams accepted the proposal of the English statesman, George Canning, and agreed to prevent the restoration of Spanish monarchical rule in the American Hemisphere. This agreement, after under-

going many changes, appears as the Monroe Doctrine of to-day. During the next generation, the two countries lived amicably although several questions spurted up and kindled temporary excitement. Disputes over our northern boundary even caused our grandfathers to rally to the battle cry "Fifty-four forty, or fight," but the prudent on both sides prevailed; the rasping issues were smoothed by compromise and a treaty cemented peace, which has been in danger of breaking only twice for more than seventy years.

The first occasion was during our Civil War when the British Government through laxness almost permitted a breach of neutrality in favour of the Southern Confederacy. The second was at the end of 1895 when President Cleveland fired at England his terrific message on the Venezuela Boundary Question. As a cause of irritation and enmity the behaviour of a part of the British upper classes in 1862-63 was quite as potent as was the protection given privateers and blockade runners or the fitting out of the *Alabama*. Our fathers resented the actual hostility and they felt a disappointment mingled with contempt for Britishers speaking the English language and bred on the English principles of justice and liberty who sided with the Southern slave-holders. Although the

resentment has lasted to this day it would long since have smouldered into oblivion but for the existence here of an element which cultivated the hatred of England with fanatical tenacity.

This element was the Irish, who after 1840 immigrated to this country in large numbers, and bore in their hearts an undying grievance against English rule in Catholic Ireland. That that rule had been harsh and unsympathetic, if not actually cruel, no one can doubt; and oppressed Ireland would have had the same general sympathy which the Americans gave to Italy, Hungary, and the other downtrodden European countries, if the leaders of the Irish Cause here had been men of different character. Displaying a remarkable talent for the lower sort of politics, the Irish got control of our large cities, and, in spite of their temperamental passion for cracking each other's heads, they kept together as a political body—partly because only by keeping together could they capture and divide the rich spoils, partly by their Roman Catholic affiliations, and partly by the desire to help their friends at home. The Irish were the first foreign immigrants who perpetuated their home feuds here, and who injected into American politics troubles which did not concern America, but were purely Irish. To

secure—and, having secured, to hold and control —the Irish vote became a commonplace for American politicians. English rule in Ireland slowly improved, but the Irish-Americans, who made a business of exploiting Irish grievances, simply increased the virulence of their attacks on England. Impartial observers on the outside perceived that this was the easiest method by which the agitators could contrive to wring contributions from the Irish-American population. Where the money went was never disclosed; the condition of needy peasants in County Kerry might not be benefited by it, but the condition of the agitators and their accomplices suffered no harm. No worthy cause has ever had worse promoters than that of Ireland has had here.

The result of the Irish agitation in the United States has been twofold; it has hurled into our politics a foreign feud which has often taken precedence in congessional or legislative questions over purely American affairs; it has fostered and kept alive the anti-British feeling, which was fast dying out. The early history books used in our public schools breathed hatred against British red coats; the later ones, compiled with a view to being acceptable to public school trustees and pupils, may have changed their language but they have

not moderated their anti-British spirit. Until the present war—when we have seen the Irish mayors of some of our cities preside over meetings at which Hibernian demagogues have lauded Prussia and denounced an alliance which made us a partner of England in the great struggle of Civilization against Hunnish Barbarism—I recall no instance of Irish truculence more striking than the attempt to discredit and cause the dismissal of James Russell Lowell more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lowell was then the American Minister in London and he had to deal with several cases of Irishmen who claimed to be American citizens, in order to gain immunity from the crimes they committed in Ireland. A man who uses this subterfuge is sufficiently despicable, but the Irish fire-eaters here, instead of repudiating such sneaks, assailed Mr. Lowell as an unpatriotic and false American, a grovelling Anglomaniac, and they used all their threats and persuasion to make President Arthur recall him. Aristophanes himself could not have devised a situation more sardonically humorous than this: the most American of Americans being barked at as disloyal by Irish immigrants many of whom had not yet been naturalized as Americans. Perhaps it adds a comic touch when I say that Mr. Lowell told me that

he was one of the first, if not the first, to urge upon Mr. Gladstone the policy of Home Rule, after the Phœnix Park murders in 1882. His trust in freedom, his belief that justice alone can finally settle long-standing quarrels, were fundamental, not to be shaken even by the snarling of his traducers.

I do not wish to exaggerate the anti-British propaganda of the Irish-Americans, or to attribute to their whole body excesses in tenets, methods, and acts which belonged to a pestilent minority among them, and which were quite un-American; but nobody can understand the fluctuations in American feeling toward England in the nineteenth century without taking into account the great influence here which the Irish have had. Only we must take care not to measure the real state of public opinion by the capacity of a few to vociferate.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, the United States and England were officially on friendly terms, having only some small grievances of long standing (mostly referring to fisheries and other matters in which Canada was involved) to disturb the monotony of their friendliness. Then, at the end of December, 1895, President Cleveland, through his Secretary of State, Richard Olney, addressed to the British Govern-

ment a bludgeon-like message, intimating that England must either submit her quarrel with Venezuela over their boundary line to arbitration, or take the consequences. Both America and England were amazed, startled, and almost stampeded into blows by the tone and suddenness of this document. It is hardly too much to say that the whole world held its breath in astonishment. Perhaps it was John Bull's phlegmatic temperament that caused him to delay for a little before taking action which would plunge him irrevocably into war. Perhaps it was that habit of sobriety which has characterized for generations past the real statesmanship of England. The wisest men of both nations laboured mightily to prevent a clash, and they succeeded. Lord Salisbury's Government recognized that it would be monstrous for Great Britain and the United States to cut each other's throats over a question involving only a few hundred square miles of uninhabited wilderness, between Venezuela and British Guiana. They also recognized, as did just men throughout the world, that the principle of arbitration on which President Cleveland insisted ought to be followed and upheld in international disputes.

Though England backed down, as it was vul-

garly said, and her official intercourse with the United States went on unruffled, the incident could not fail to rankle in British hearts.

It happened that in 1896 a Presidential campaign took place. Major McKinley was the Republican candidate; Mr. William J. Bryan, his opponent, had disrupted the Democratic Party and hoped to be elected on a platform which declared for free silver: that is, a debased and dishonest currency. The English, unflinching in their support of the gold standard, had the further reason to hope for the election of McKinley in that it would bring a different policy into the American Department of State.

Here John Hay enters, quite unofficially, as an international figure. He was now 59 years old, he had had a varied career, distinguished in many ways. In his youth he had served President Lincoln as private secretary, and he was the intimate companion of that great and lonely man. Then he had spent five years as a diplomat in France, in Austria, and in Spain. For several years he ranked as the most brilliant editorial writer on the New York *Tribune*, at the time when that journal stood at the head in America. He had published volumes of prose and poetry, which carried his name beyond the

seas and brought him friendship among literary men. A keen student of politics, he knew the political currents and the politicians at Washington, New York, and in the Middle West. Under Evarts he served as Assistant Secretary of State during the Hayes administration. He and Nicolay published a monumental history of Abraham Lincoln which gave him another durable sort of fame. Persons who thought about it at all wondered why John Hay, the stanch Republican, with almost every qualification for public office, had never been put forward by his party. The reason was, as President Harrison brutally expressed it, "There isn't any politics in it." This was true, for with all his charm and attractions Hay never had a political following. Now, however, he made what I may call his social fitness tell in behalf of our country, and thereby he probably served it better than he could have done had he held an official post.

The summer of 1896, while the Republicans and the Bryanites were campaigning over here, John Hay spent in England and in France. He not only had many cherished friends in England but he also had social access to some of the most influential public men; and these he assured that England must not hope for any

change in foreign policy in the Venezuelan affair in the event of Major McKinley's election. No American party, he said, would reverse the policy of Arbitration. He also soothed as far as he could the irritation which the message had caused, and since he spoke as a private American gentleman known to be personally trustworthy, and to have the confidence of McKinley and the other Republican leaders, his words sank in. We cannot estimate how far such an influence extends, we can only say that the ruling class in England felt more kindly toward the United States after John Hay's friendly visit than before.

The next spring, Major McKinley having been elected, he appointed Hay Ambassador to Great Britain. During the intervening months Hay had been pondering over the changed position into which the United States were thrust by the brusque assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. He saw that this made us a *World Power*, and although he could not foresee into what vicissitudes this transformation might carry us, he knew that we could never be as a nation what we had been, and that we must lay out and pursue a new policy adapted to the risks and obligations of our new position. I would not imply that he had as yet formulated any definite scheme, but rather that his alert mind,

being aware of the change, was on the lookout for new symptoms, and was prepared to deal quickly with them.

Hay reached England early in May, 1897, and during the ensuing year he made himself *persona grata* in official circles, and even more through his unofficial friendly intercourse with the English, he extended his influence, and greatly enhanced the good feeling between the two peoples. That he did this deliberately, as the result of much meditation, which had crystallized into conviction, there can be no doubt. And events soon burst upon the world which put his conviction to the test and justified it. In April, 1898, the United States, after watching long and patiently Spanish inhumanities in Cuba, declared war against Spain, and proposed to aid Cuba to her independence. The Continental Powers of Europe received this declaration angrily. France and Germany had invested much capital in Spain, and this would be put in jeopardy if Spain had to bear the heavy financial burden of a war. Also since Cleveland's Venezuela Message proclaiming the Monroe Doctrine, the European nations, some more, some less, felt aggrieved by it, and wished to probe how far the United States would back up their truculent challenge to the non-American world.

During the weeks which succeeded the sinking of the *Maine* (February 15, 1898), Hay left nothing undone to propitiate England, and he worked to good purpose; for after the declaration of war, Germany very secretly asked England to join her and France in putting their fleets between Cuba and the United States Fleet. The English Foreign Secretary replied promptly "No" and he added that if the British Fleet took any part in the war, it would be to stand between the European fleets and the American. The immense service which England rendered the United States by this act cannot be overestimated, and it should more than offset, as I think, the unfriendliness of the British Tories toward us during our Civil War. Reflect for a moment what would have happened if England had listened to Germany's reptilian proposal. With those three European fleets guarding the coast of Cuba, we could never have reached that island, much less have landed our armies on it. And so we should have been forced to call off the War with Spain, a humiliation for which modern history has no parallel. Or if our ships had been so insane as to attack those of the European coalition, we should have had a war with England, France, and Germany on our hands, our Atlantic seaboard would have been defenseless, and all our

sea cities from Charleston to Eastport would have been at the mercy of our enemies. What losses we should have suffered, what huge indemnities we should have had to pay, who can compute? Kaiser William remarked at the time to an Englishman who repeated the remark to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain: "If I had had a larger fleet I would have taken Uncle Sam by the scruff of the neck." What the Prussian Despot means when he takes a nation by the scruff of the neck, the world has since learned.

If England had nursed any malign ambition against the United States, if she wished to injure our industrial and commercial prosperity, or to gain territory, or merely to pay back old grievances and especially the brusque, not to say brutal Venezuela Message, she had only to join the naval coalition with which the Kaiser tempted her. Had she done that, the Monroe Doctrine would have vanished into thin air, as thistledown is blown away and disappears before the autumn gale; for what does the Monroe Doctrine signify, unless it be upheld by a powerful United States? This most friendly English act, known in that crisis only to a very few in London and in Washington, must become more and more venerated by Americans; and I hope that the time is not far off when

the name of the British statesman who made that decision is as familiar here and is as much revered as is that of the great-hearted Frenchman Lafayette who, in our earliest national crisis, brought succour and risked his life in order that the American Colonies might establish their independence.

Unhampered by serious foreign interference we freed Cuba in the summer of 1898. Late in September John Hay returned to Washington, to be Secretary of State, a position which he held until his death, July 1, 1905. He knew what England had replied to Germany, and he could have told, perhaps better than any one else, how much his straightforwardness and urbanity, whether social or official, had helped to dispose the English to be friendly toward us. He had been frequently with Mr. Chamberlain and on familiar terms; and we can imagine with what satisfaction he read the speech which that statesman made at Birmingham on May 11, 1898.

"What is our next duty?" Mr. Chamberlain asked his hearers. "It is to establish and to maintain bonds of permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic. There is a powerful and a generous nation. They speak our language. They are bred of our race. Their laws, their literature, their standpoint upon every question,

are the same as ours. Their feeling, their interests in the cause of humanity and the peaceful developments of the world are identical with ours. I don't know what the future has in store for us; I don't know what arrangements may be possible with us; but this I do know and feel, that the closer, the more cordial, the fuller, and the more definite these arrangements are, with the consent of both peoples, the better it will be for both and for the world—and I even go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

"Chamberlain's startling speech," Hay wrote to Senator Lodge from London, "was partly due to a conversation I had with him, in which I hoped he would not let the Opposition have a monopoly of expressions of good will to America."

Hay knew also that Chamberlain did not stop at the friendliest *words* merely; because he knew—and the American public does not yet know—what took place at Manila when the preposterous Von Diederichs, the German Admiral, threatened Commodore Dewey, and Chichester, the British commander, privately informed Dewey that if there were trouble the Union Jack would fight beside the

Stars and Stripes. Dewey was not the man to be intimidated by the superior German force but he doubtless felt more comfortable after receiving Chichester's assurance. That assurance was the practical proof of Chamberlain's—that is England's—friendship for us.

Once in Washington, at the head of the Department of State, John Hay made the maintenance of the mutual good will between the United States and Great Britain the cardinal point of his policy. Secretary Hay had no thought, however, that he was conceding everything. Far from it. "All I have ever done with England," he wrote to Secretary John W. Foster, on June 23, 1900, "is to have wrung great concessions out of her with no compensation. And yet, these idiots say I'm not an American because I don't say, 'To hell with the Queen,' at every breath." There were critics, of course, who did not refrain from insinuating that he had become an Anglomaniac, "a tool of England," one of those degenerate Americans whose snobbish instincts burst forth and blossom in the atmosphere breathed by the British nobility. Even his friends, like Senator Lodge, feared at times that Hay in his desire to be friendly and more than fair to England, saw some matters from too strictly an English point of view. But John Hay

was an American through and through, and his Americanism does not require my defense or that of any one else. In his youth he spent four years at the elbow of Abraham Lincoln in whom he saw Democracy embodied, active, beneficent, indefectible. Then, after having studied the Despotisms of Napoleon III at Paris, and of Francis Joseph at Vienna, he wrote John Bigelow: "I am a Republican till I die; when we get to heaven, we can try a monarchy, perhaps."

When the Irish demagogues learned that Hay favoured the English in the Boer War, they abused him as they had Lowell. If he could have spoken out then in regard to England's help to us in squelching the proposed coalition of European fleets against us in 1898, I imagine he would have said: "Since the first Irishman landed in this country till now, the Irish-Americans have never done any service to the United States comparable to this. When you have, you may abuse. Meanwhile, drop your hyphen in the only simple, loyal, patriotic way; become Americans."

No, Secretary Hay's policy was not based on a snobbish Anglomania, but on the perception that the welfare of the world depended then, and would depend more and more, on the firmest alliance between the two great English-speaking

nations. This alliance, he recognized, could never be preserved on the ground of material interest. He knew that among nations of high-minded men, mere trade can never be the dominant reason for friendship or hostility. "By God!" said Commodore Tatnall, the American commander, as he steered his ship to aid the English ships which were being pounded by the Chinese forts in 1860, "blood is thicker than water." Hay knew that in origin and in essence American blood and English blood run from the same veins, the veins of men who had supported Saxon Alfred, who had demanded the Great Charter which curtailed the tyranny of the king; who had risen up and suffered martyrdom in behalf of religious freedom—comrades of Hampden and Cromwell, believers in the law of Habeas Corpus, of the Bill of Rights and of every other reform to protect the individual against oppression, and to perfect him to the utmost in his mind, body, and estate. Every drop of true American blood carries latent within it the seed of these ideals; when it is otherwise, the American Republic will cease to be, and despotism in one of its monstrous forms will take its place.

This conviction underlies Hay's international negotiations. Whatever business came up, he unconsciously or consciously judged it by its bear-

ing on the Great Friendship, which was his ideal. So far as England went, he had the friendly coöperation of the public men whom he had known there, and of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador in Washington. Sir Julian was a diplomat of long training, with the manners of a man of the world, courtly, reserved rather than effusive, and accessible to those stimuli which touch the generosity or the sportsmanlike instincts of the best Britons. Personally, Hay and he worked together in the happiest accord. Each felt that the other was an honourable gentleman, and so trusted him.

I pass over many of the smaller affairs which they had to attend to together; and I come to a matter of the first importance—the negotiation of the Panama Canal Treaty.

To connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a canal had been the dream of visionaries long before the tools and apparatus existed for carrying out such a project. The obvious convenience a canal would afford to commerce required no argument. As soon as the United States became a World Power, the need of a canal for naval and military purposes loomed up, and during the Spanish-American War, when the battleship *Oregon* had to make the voyage from San Francisco round Cape Horn, everybody saw this need. In 1888 a French Com-

pany which was excavating a canal at Panama went to pieces, and for more than ten years the enterprise lay dormant, although, in the interval, another company was formed to promote the route through Nicaragua. But our position in the world had now changed so radically, our wisest men insisted that wherever the canal were run it must belong to the United States. Before the question of ownership could be decided, however, England and the United States must come to an agreement; because in 1850 those countries had signed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which gave them joint control and joint obligations over the Isthmus of Panama. Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, declared his willingness to have the matter negotiated, and accordingly Secretary Hay and Ambassador Pauncefote set to work heartily.

Hay saw in this transaction an opportunity not merely for forwarding a commercial plan of vast scope, but of welding the friendship between England and America. This, to him, was by far the most important aspect of the matter and if when the draft of the Treaty was published the terms seemed too unfavourable to the United States, this was owing to Secretary Hay's conviction that almost any concessions were worth making if they could lead to a solid and permanent bond between

the two nations. Nevertheless, the first Treaty was defeated by the Senate, and before the second Treaty had been discussed Pauncefote had died. From this second arrangement the objectionable features of the first were left out, and in their stead were incorporated the terms which Colonel Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and others had urged throughout—including complete control as well as ownership of the Canal by the United States, and the right of our Government to fortify it.

In all these negotiations Hay's Anglo-Saxonism, as we may call it, cropped out, and I suspect that he impressed it upon his British colleagues so that they, too, began to see in it more reason and significance than they had dreamed of. Always slow to readjust themselves to new political combinations, the English did not for a long time appraise at its true value the rising menace of Germany. Tradition imposed on them the policy of splendid isolation from meddling with the affairs of continental Europe, except in so far as these might seem to threaten their supremacy in India. They supposed Russia to be their only dangerous European neighbour, and they therefore scarcely noted the rise in Europe of a Power which was preparing not only to dominate Europe, including Great Britain, but also to conquer the world.

I would not claim that Secretary Hay recognized to the full the exorbitance of the German Kaiser's ambition; but he did see the direction which German schemes were taking, and he knew from his official dealings the methods of the German Government. Their brutal seizure of Kiao-Chau and appropriation of Shan-Tung disgusted him. He abominated German Frightfulness as it was rehearsed by Waldersee's troops after the Boxer Uprising in 1900. "At least we have been spared," Hay wrote privately to his friend, Mr. Henry Adams on November 21, 1900, "the infamy of an alliance with Germany; I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance—'We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d——d to you'—and not a man in the world kicks."

Like the rest of the world in those days, Hay sometimes took the preposterous Teutonic projects somewhat derisively, as the phantasmagoria of a megolomaniac prince, who inherited the Hohenzollern taint of insanity and resorted to any means for advertising himself. Even when put forth by the slick and wily Bülow, these schemes

failed to convince. And yet Hay, witnessing German expansion in many parts of the world, did not fail to ask himself what influence could in the long run successfully compete with, if not actually overthrow, the Pan-German power. Himself a confirmed Democrat, he understood the defects of Democracy, and I think it not too much to assert that he foresaw the danger which Democracy would run in any conflicts with a disciplined militarist autocracy.

Such pondering led him to regard an Anglo-Saxon union—not necessarily based on official compacts, but rooted in the ideals of a common race—as the world's only safeguard against Teutonic domination. This conviction caused him to regret the differences which sprang up between the English Foreign Office and Washington, in the settlement of the Alaska Boundary, in the dispute over Newfoundland fisheries, and in several other affairs of secondary moment. As he knew how ticklish diplomacy is, so he wished to avoid even the most fleeting annoyances. In the main the two countries acted most cordially toward each other to the end. Once, however, British policy with Germany flew off at a tangent, and perplexed Hay greatly. The British Foreign Office has not yet explained this aberration publicly, and so it is not for me to disclose it.

In President Roosevelt, Secretary Hay had a strong collaborator, from the year 1901 on. The President was the clearer in seeing America's advantages. He had understood also, quite as early as Hay did, the implications of the Monroe Doctrine and the new needs and obligations which the position of World Power thrust upon the United States. Nor did he fear hurting England's feelings, when he believed that his demands were just. It was Roosevelt, and not Hay, who brought to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion negotiations which had dragged on too long. Thus he hastened the solution of the Alaskan Boundary dispute by writing a private letter to an American judge, travelling abroad, whom he asked to show it (indiscreetly of course) to Mr. Chamberlain and other English statesmen. Whoever read that letter could have no doubt that the dispute must be settled at once, and settled in conformity with American rights.

So also it was the President who detached England from her partnership with Germany in blockading Venezuela, and he it was who then forced the German Emperor to arbitrate his quarrel with Venezuela, unless he preferred to fight. Probably it would have been better for the peace and welfare of mankind if William II had decided to fight then,

because he was certain to have been beaten; but he was too wary to risk plunging the world into war until he knew that Germany was wholly prepared, and supposed that his unsuspecting neighbours would be easy victims. The upshot of the Venezuela transaction was that the United States Government proved itself determined to defend the Monroe Doctrine against all comers, and that Germany having failed to land troops on American soil relied thereafter on craft instead of on force for her conquest of the American Continent.

That John Hay was right in thinking that our people must face the future hand in hand with the people of the British Empire, or that the civilization from which both spring and by which both live would go down, had been demonstrated years before he died. Long before the Atrocious War, German officers at their public banquets drank their toast to "The Day"—"the day" when they should destroy the British Fleet and, by controlling British sea power, control the world. Years before Hay died German professors were conducting their sly and despicable propaganda from Harvard and other American universities, and hordes of other tools of the Kaiser were at work honeycombing this country with deceit, falsehood, and sedition to make smooth his path here.

In 1900, during the Boer War, John Hay wrote to Senator Lodge deploring the apparent decadence of England as a fighting nation, and he added that if England went down and Germany and Russia made an arrangement—which the German Emperor was then plotting secretly to do—the balance would be lost for ages. Coming just at the approach of a crisis to civilization more definite than any other in history, Hay distinguished clearly between the partisans of Moloch and the partisans of Christ, and he did his utmost to promote the cause of Christ. For this, posterity will always hold him in gratitude; for this he will rank among the American statesmen whose fame lives after them.

V

BEWARE OF A JUDAS PEACE[1]

THE fact cannot be too often remembered that though the Prussianized Germans have had the reputation of being the master war makers of the modern age they have in the atrocious conflict which they forced upon the world in August, 1914, won more by deceit than by arms. This will probably astonish posterity more than it seems to astonish us. If we discovered that the champion prize fighter had conquered his adversaries by low trickery—by poisoning their food, let us say, or by tripping them up, or by throwing pepper in their eyes—instead of by fair fighting, we should know how to rate him. Indeed, no bruiser could win the championship by such means; for in the ring there is an etiquette that forbids striking below the belt, and the contestant who disobeys is ruled out. The German war code, however, recognizes no etiquette; the Prussians, deaf alike to shame and to honour, permit themselves every license and refrain from no

[1] *Saturday Evening Post*, February 16, 1918.

inhumanity. They boast of making "Anything to win" their motto.

It is not by accident that the Prussian, who has been for a century the bully of Europe, is also the chief sneak among modern peoples. The bully is usually a coward, and sneaking is the coward's natural practice. We have already heard more than once from the Prussians the cowardly whimper when the Allies retaliated by inflicting on them the punishment they had exulted in applying first to the Allies. The submarine—unlawfully used, the most despicable weapon ever employed by man—fitly symbolizes the modern German at war; its very essence is deceit. The nation that stoops to employ such a weapon illegitimately will, as a matter of course, shrink from no other practice of deceit—or of cruelty; and so we find, as I just now asserted, that the Germans have thus far won more by deceit than by arms.

Look at the situation at the end of 1917, after the war has been carried on for three years and a half. What has been Germany's really important conquest in this struggle? It has been Russia. And how has she conquered Russia? Not by warfare, but by corruption. In the beginning the Russian armies, though inferior to the German in military fitness and in morale, had the upper hand

in East Prussia. Then a sort of paralysis seemed to blight them, and the German generals, who had retreated from them at the start, overwhelmed them at the Masurian Lakes.

Subsequently we have learned that this paralysis, which became chronic, was caused by treachery, and treachery was caused by German bribes. The extent to which this agency was carried may never be known, but enough is surely known to blacken forever the German record. The Kaiser's bribers, acting like the germs of a disease which slowly infects a people and destroys not only their physical vigour but their moral health, penetrated into every part of Russian society. The chief advisers of the Czar, the very members of his household, his ministers, his generals, admirals, and subalterns, were all polluted by Prussian gold or by Prussian guile. Industry and trade were stealthily Prussianized. German capital flowed like a pestilent stream through the main channels of banking and commerce. Western Russia was covertly overrun by German colonists, and even a great manufacturing city like Lodz, "the Russian Manchester," sprang up under the spell of Teutonic promotion.

The result of this general peaceful penetration, as the Germans slyly called it, of Russia appeared

in the second campaign of the war. The Russian armies in the early spring of 1915 made a great drive into Galicia; they took Przemysl and other strongholds, and, with high hopes but much imprudence, they rushed on through the Carpathian passes into Hungary. The Austrians seemed on the point of collapsing when Germany sent Mackensen to save them. This he did not so much by the powerful forces with which he battered the Russians as through their deficiency in ammunition. In less than two months the Germans had disposed of Russia for that year.

In 1916 the Russians made another promising start. Then there followed the inevitable slowing up, unexplained at the time and puzzling to outside observers; and finally there was another disaster. It has since leaked out that from the beginning of the war the checks, the delays, and the failures were owing directly to Russian officials, corrupted by the Kaiser's reptilian creatures. Large appropriations were made for uniforms, rations, munitions, and means of transportation; but the armies in the field were often left without food or powder; trainloads of shells were sent off to some distant place and sidetracked; regiments actually went to the front without rifles and without uniforms—to be armed and clothed, if at all,

with the guns and uniforms of the men killed in action.

The largest munition factory in the Empire was blown up, with the connivance, it is said, of Germans connected with it. The wonder is that really able military commanders, like the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Brusiloff, held out as long as they did and proved that even amid the uncertainty of feeding and equipping their armies they could confront the Teutons opposed to them. Only when there were no more cartridges for the rifles and no more shells for the cannon did they give way; and even in the retreat they showed their skill by saving their armies.

The German corrupters were not satisfied, however, with paralyzing the fighting power of Russia. A victory in the field tickled the vanity of the war-mad Germans at home, but it really concluded nothing; for if the Russian armies held together they might go on retreating as fast as the Germans caught up with them, and so entice the enemy far enough from his base to work his destruction. Their ancestors had successfully used that strategy against Napoleon in 1812, and the Germans had no intention of being entrapped by it. They therefore set about corrupting the Russian people, who furnished the material for the Russian armies.

By the autumn of 1916 they felt so sure of their results that they declared very confidently that Russia would be out of it by the spring of 1917. How far the deposition of the Czar entered into their plan and how far they abetted and directed it we cannot yet say.

It may be argued that the Czar himself had been so compliant up to that time, and his ministers and other officials had so punctually betrayed Russia and the Russian armies according to the bargain made with German agents, that the Kaiser might have thought it superfluous to oust his "dear cousin Nicky." A man does not need to be the Kaiser in order to perceive that the autocrat who conspires to destroy a brother autocrat engages in a risky business, since he teaches how any autocracy—including his own—may be abolished. On the other hand, the utter subserviency to Germany of the leaders of the Bolsheviki, who have latterly dominated the Revolution, justifies the belief that the Kaiser did indeed instigate the downfall of the Czar and bought up the lowest dregs in Russia to accomplish the Revolution which swept away the Romanoff Dynasty in March, 1917.

Judging by the situation at the end of December, 1917, the Kaiser can declare that a corruption fund

was never spent more completely to the satisfaction of the corrupter than that which he distributed among the Bolsheviki. They did his bidding to the last scrape of shameless servility. Not only did they stop active military operations, but they abandoned even the semblance of carrying on the war; they disbanded the armies; they virtually invited the Germans to enter Russia to do what they pleased and to take what they would. Never before in all history has any group of men sunk to such a shameless depth of turpitude.

Shameless? They have no notion of what shame is. History brands indelibly on its eternal scroll the names of detested traitors; but these men, insensible alike to loyalty and to patriotism, betray with no more remorse than is felt by the viper envenoming its innocent victims. A peddler would treat a bundle of rags with more consideration than they have shown in giving away their Mother Russia to her inveterate foe.

The peace which, at the instigation of Berlin, they would palm off on the world is a Judas peace. Which is the more odious, the seducer or his victim? The world long ago passed its verdict on this question. Depraved as the Bolsheviki are, the Prussian Kaiser and the underlings who only too thoroughly obeyed his instructions are still more

depraved. The world does not even yet sufficiently abhor the deceit of the Germans, which has been for more than a quarter of a century at work deliberately poisoning and debasing the people in those countries which the Kaiser and his evil ring had secretly resolved to conquer or control. They have studied the temperament of each victim and have applied to each the corrupter whom they believed most efficacious: A sanctimonious professor for unsuspecting, frank Americans of intelligence; imperial blandishments for American millionaires and toadies; mere vulgar money, even small change, for fellows of the baser sort. They find out the weak point, the vanity, the devil's lurking place in each, and there they sow the microbes of their depravity; there they undermine; there, if need be, they stab clandestinely. The *Kultur* which the Germans boast of is the culture of bacteria which infect and destroy the soul.

Eighty years ago, before the Prussian virus had infected German arteries, German poets and theorists amused themselves over the conundrum, "Is Germany Hamlet?" The present war has brought a true and terrible answer: "Germany is Judas." Let the world be not betrayed into perdition by its Judas peace-kiss.

Every war begets its own vocabulary. *Camouflage* is the word which, specially employed by the French in this war, has passed into general use in all languages. It means, first of all, a disguise with intent to deceive. Along roads where their troops and supply trains had to pass within sight of the German guns the French scene-painters spread large screens of canvas on which they daubed landscapes or bushes and trees; or the French masked their batteries by heaping over them a tangle of leafy boughs; or perhaps they converted an innocent looking haystack into a sentinel's shelter. All the belligerents employed the device; but it was the Germans who earliest and most persistently adopted camouflage to hide their political and moral weapons.

At first they used it rather clumsily. Remember how, for instance, they wished to make us believe, three years ago, that Prussian militarism was not, after all, a whit worse than British navalism. Even now they repeat, parrot-like, the phrase "freedom of the seas"; which has an impressive sound, particularly for the nine persons out of ten who have never taken the trouble to think what it means. The facts that, ever since the foundation of the German Empire, German ships have gone unimpeded all over the world,

German commerce has increased at a much larger ratio than that of any other nation, and German products have been freely landed at every port—including every British port in both hemispheres—prove that the German pretense that the seas are not free to her are utterly hollow.

Not less awkward were the Germans in their outcry against the sale by Americans of munitions and supplies. Camouflage, pure camouflage, very unskillfully applied, was all that; and it had that touch of effrontery which marks Prussian dealings. International law not only permitted but legalized such traffic; the Prussian Krupp works had done a thriving business for generations in selling their guns and shells to every belligerent who ordered; of course, also the Germans would greedily have taken all that we would have sent if it could have reached them. They had no qualms against accepting the copper, cotton, and other materials of war which they could smuggle through Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark—those buffer states which served as a lifebelt for Germany, preventing her from perishing by a blockade.

And then there was the camouflage about the blockade itself—the cruelty of starving non-belligerent children and women. As if the Germans had not used the blockade where it was

feasible in every war they had fought and as if they, the Huns of the modern world, had shown any mercy to defenseless women and children when they first violated the Belgian frontier! Camouflage? That is too highsounding a name, too respectable for such transparent humbug.

And what but humbug was the whimper over milk for German babies? We were told that a German submarine was coming over to take home a cargo of powdered milk; but when the submarine did come it loaded all the rubber and nickel it could carry and sailed off with those instead.

Some persons who declare that many new phrases merely mask old things or old doings which are sufficiently described by old familiar names will perhaps insist that "camouflage" is a new-fangled word, not needed for these German performances, which are quite accurately described by the unambiguous "lie" or the ancient "hypocrisy."

We must not flatter ourselves that these and similar German falsehoods are so thin that everybody can see through them and so prevent them from doing the harm intended. We have all heard befogged or seduced persons arguing in behalf of the German contentions; and it was wonderful how many editorial writers found much to say on that side—wonderful, until the list of some of the

newspapers subsidized by German gold was discovered and published. Almost anybody whose memory dates from more than two years back can remember how, between the crashing of one tornado and another across the prairies, there came a roar of words from the Middle West, and we learned that the Boy Orator of the Platte was pouring forth orations to commend the Kaiser's dreams. And did not the New York papers print long lists of subscriptions to the German babies' milk fund? Where is the money now? And is the percentage of American sanity so high that not a single American repeated the damnable German argument that it was right to sink the *Lusitania*, and with it about twelve hundred non-combatant women and children and neutral men, because they said she was loaded with arms which would kill German troops in battle?

These and other essays in deceit pale, however, before the great German camouflage—the camouflage of Peace. To the reasoning eye this seems so absurd as not to be worth resorting to, except on the theory that everybody requires a certain interlude of farce amid the serious business of life. Abraham Lincoln, burdened with the destiny of democracy in America, read Artemus Ward's funny sketches at his cabinet meetings. The

German *farceurs* have no idea that they are funny; on the contrary, they are dead in earnest and expect to be taken so. They know, as we all do, that words have a hypnotic effect and that by repeating them often enough the effect can be attained. There comes a time in the course of a long war when the armies in the field and the nations behind the armies grow weary, and then if the word "Peace" be repeated in their ears they begin to forget the obstacles in the way of Peace—to regard it as more important than anything else on earth—and to demand that it be given to them immediately. What matter terms when the thing itself is so supremely precious? Why bicker over this or that detail? Peace will take care of all details.

To rely upon an appeal to mob spirit—for that is what the Germans really do with their peace camouflage—is often dangerous; because peoples, like individuals, are most comfortably and safely dealt with through their reason. If you make a man hysterical in order to get something out of him which he would refuse in his normal state, he may act quite differently from what you plan. Hysteria, like fire, may be easily caused, but it is hard to check, hard to quench, and very hard to direct. And in this case the Kaiser and his ring

would not clutch at so questionable a weapon as international hypnotism unless they felt sure that the Germans themselves would not fall victims to it. The Kaiser plotted the dissolution of Russia through the infamous agency of the Bolsheviki, but he did not for a moment intend or expect that his German Bolsheviki at home should follow this example and dissolve Imperial Germany—autocrat, Junkers, servants of frightfulness, and all.

The Kaiser's first gesture in his peace move was directed toward the German nation. In the middle of 1916 he informed his obsequious subjects, and incidentally the world, that Germany had won the war, and that only the wickedness of his enemies prevented them from perceiving that they were beaten. For some reason beyond the reach of German psychology they persisted in keeping up the fight just as if they had not already lost it, and even after they had heard the Kaiser's gracious announcement they went on with redoubled efforts. What the docile German—who accepts the Kaiser's utterances as the sum of all law, gospel, and science—thought of this we cannot surmise.

If you are wrestling with a man and he throws you, but you both grapple so fiercely that neither can break loose, how much heed do you pay to him when he whispers frantically "Stop! You're

dead!"? In previous wars the Germans had taken care that their enemies were in fact dead before they issued their bulletins of victory. How much satisfaction the German nation derived from the Kaiser's false statements does not appear, but it has swallowed so many other lies that it probably relished this. Did it not exult with proper zeal when the Kaiser announced, after his fleet had scuttled off out of range of the British guns at the Battle of Jutland, that he was Lord High Admiral of the Atlantic?

The Allies, however, though they have made many mistakes, have never supposed that the war could be won by talk, and they had an irreverent sense of humour which left them unmoved by the Kaiser's bombast. It happened, also, that the summer of 1916 was particularly unfavourable for any assertion of German invincibility; because since February in that year the Germans had hurled immense masses of their best men, supported by such a strength of artillery as had never until then been assembled, in an effort to take Verdun. Month after month the barbarians battered; month after month the French held firm. Even the consideration that Verdun was needed in order to establish the military glory of the despised German Crown Prince failed to stir the traditionally

polite Frenchmen to give way. If the skulls of the multitude of Germans butchered there to make the Crown Prince's holiday had been built in a pyramid, its top would have surpassed the highest of the hills which guarded the wrecked city. One wonders whether the parents of each of these victims of Hohenzollern ambition were really cheated by the Kaiser's bluff.

Nevertheless, in the autumn, thanks to treachery which paralyzed the Rumanians, the Germans could plume themselves on a spectacular success in the southeast, and the Kaiser seized the occasion for making a formal offer of peace to his enemies. He wished to do so not merely as an act of grace but in order to show his love of peace itself, and of humanity, and of good will. It was much as if the head master of a school should offer to forgive and take back a band of obstreperous boys who had rebelled and run away—boys who were to be pitied for not realizing that the master was omnipotent and that they were very silly in imagining that they could successfully defy his power. The Kaiser intimated that if the Allies refused his terms he would fight until they had nothing to expect from him except a demand for their absolute surrender. Perverse that they were, instead of thanking him they rather inclined to make merry

over his pomposity, and though they felt acutely the Rumanian breakdown they simply prepared to wage the war more resolutely.

Did the Kaiser expect that his offer at Christmas, 1916, would be accepted? Hardly. . . . He was merely indulging in camouflage. Friends and foes alike had come to think of Germany as a nation of soldiers; that it was bent on destroying France, on smashing England, and with it the Imperial British sea power which stood impregnably between the German dream of world empire and its realization. Even quiet peoples, Americans in both hemispheres for instance, regarded German militarism with alarm, and it was clear that they, too, might rise up and join the crusade against the Hun. How could the Kaiser more naturally allay alarm and divert attention from his real purpose than by his camouflage, which depicted him first as a lover of peace, and hinted next that he had no intention of exacting the ruin of any of his enemies, or of demanding indemnities, or even of keeping the foreign territory his armies had occupied?

Peace, evermore peace, that was his watchword, that was the suggestion by which he schemed to hypnotize an unwary world. If the peoples could be brought to think of him, not as an ogre who delighted in blood and havoc, but as the benevolent

autocrat who yearned to see his enemies beat their swords into plowshares, he would take a long stride toward securing his ends. He did not hesitate to turn against the Allies the very words they had applied to him. They were war-mad conquerors; they were swollen with ambition; they were so fired by war lust that they could not be appeased except by destroying Germany and devouring her peace-loving folk.

Very pretty disavowals and surprising insinuations! But methinks the Kaiser did protest too much. What was his plot? What did his camouflage hide with intent to deceive? His secret purpose has been dissected with a surgeon's skill and dispassionateness by M. André Chéradame, and I will content myself here with only an outline of his conclusions.

During the long years in which Germany slowly matured her wicked plot against civilization she came to see that she might achieve world power in one of two ways: First, she might by a sudden spring overthrow and annihilate France, and then by turning swiftly to the east she might break down Russia. These two strokes would leave her mistress of Europe; but in order to secure and complete her supremacy she must defeat England, and this she counted on doing in a very few years

after she had defeated the Continental Powers. Her second choice was embodied in her Middle Europe scheme, by which she meant to control Austria, the Balkans, and Turkey on both sides of the Bosphorus, and to push her dominion through Asia Minor and down to Bagdad in Persia.

Her Middle Europe project might be attained, it will be observed, without going to war at all; it required only friendly relations of "the most-favoured-nation" sort between Germany and the countries which lay to the south of her, from Austria to Persia. She would build railroads connecting Hamburg and Bagdad, over which her products should be sent to vast populations. Germans would colonize the rich lands in Anatolia and Mesopotamia, and carry out the process of peaceful penetration in which they had proved themselves experts. The only impediment in the way of her triumphal progress was Serbia, through which her route had to pass before she could reach Turkey.

Such were her two plans. The first appealed to the piratical inheritance of the Hohenzollerns and to the common German appetite for war. The second appealed to the German instinct of cupidity, to the desire to extend her commerce and to increase her wealth—that instinct embodied in Bal-

lin and the other German captains of industry who pursue financial gain as ruthlessly as the German General Staff conducts war.

When the Kaiser forced war upon the world in August, 1914, he expected to accomplish his first plan. But the brave Belgians at Liége checked the momentum of his drive, and Joffre—sublime in patience, foresight, and courage—shattered that plan forever in the Battle of the Marne. The German war logically ended there. The Kaiser had been defeated, but though his plan had collapsed he believed that he could wear France down by slow fighting before the English could prepare an army adequate in size and drill to come to her assistance; and he approved of the unspeakably horrible raid into Serbia and of the campaigns against the Slavs on the east. He knew—and there is no excuse why everybody in the world should not have known for three years past—that the vital point where the conflict must be decided was in Flanders and eastern France. He tried unsuccessfully to sweep through Flanders to Calais while only small forces of English held that section. He tried most desperately again and again to inundate the French at Verdun before the great English army had crossed the Channel, but he failed. The upshot of all his campaigning

in the west for nearly two years past was the slow withdrawal of the German army, unable even in its amazingly fortified defenses to stand up before the Tommies of England and the *poilus* of France with their unmatched artillery.

Having devastated Serbia and Montenegro; having overrun and devastated Rumania; having occupied, partly through military operations and more through deceit, most of western Russia, the Middle Europe scheme loomed up most seductively before the eyes of the Kaiser and his war ring. He held nearly all the elements of its realization in his hands. Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, were simply his vassals; Serbia was powerless to block his path; he had abetted the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians whereby he whetted the Turks' bloodthirstiness; above all, his enemies, the Western Allies, could not strike him at any vital point along the Berlin-to-Bagdad line. England had taken Bagdad, to be sure, but her hold on it would be precarious when the Middle Europe project was organized.

So the Kaiser strutted before the world at Christmastide, 1916, as a prince of peace graciously disposed to stop the war on the general terms of no annexations and no indemnities. A few silly persons exclaimed: "What a kind soul he is! How

generous!" Those who were not dulled by words, least of all by words sodden in German deceit, saw at once, however, that if the Kaiser could get peace on those terms he would get also Germany's second choice, the Middle Europe enterprise. That would mean that the German Empire, controlling its vassals—Austria, Bulgaria, and the Turkish Empire—would number 170,000,000 inhabitants, from whom it could conscript a standing army of 20,000,000 soldiers. It would have naval control of the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and of Constantinople, the veritable metropolis where all roads and all commerce from north and south and east and west meet.

Compared with such a reservoir of wealth and power, the acquisition of Belgium seemed paltry indeed. Germany had levied immense sums on the towns and provinces stricken by her in Belgium, France, and Russia. She had wrought incalculable damage by the ruin of buildings and property, and now she proposed to grant peace without indemnities—without, that is, paying back one pfennig of all the billions of marks that she owed for damages which could be paid for! Generous indeed!

In brief, for the Allies to accept these terms would imply that their struggle for democracy,

for international justice, and for the rights of small nations, had failed. It would leave the German Empire immeasurably stronger than it had been in 1914. It would be tantamount to admitting that imperial piracy on the largest scale had succeeded. It would bring no durable peace, but would surely leave Germany in a position to renew war at any time, with the assurance of victory and of world dominion, whenever she chose.

No genuine desirer of peace could for a moment think of accepting these terms.

Let us put the German story in another form so as to bring out more saliently its moral:

Many years ago there lived in the mountains of South Germany a family of robbers. They were called the Hohenzollerns—"the high-toll takers"—because they had their lair high up above a pass from which they could discover the pack trains and the single travellers toiling up the slope on either side and could swoop down and levy whatever toll they chose on the strangers. Thus by piracy they grew rich, and centuries later they went down into the plain and by fighting or by marriage they acquired much territory.

The instinct for plunder persisted in the Hohenzollern family, but instead of robbing small parties

of itinerant merchants or solitary chapmen in the old mountain pass, they now stole provinces and states. They organized Prussia, their own state, to be a wonderful agency for national piracy. They looked over the other German states, disunited and lumberingly inefficient, and saw that if Prussia could dominate them she could make of them, under her leadership, a pirate empire of the first magnitude.

To do this, however, required some tact, for Austria, controlled by the German House of Hapsburg, also aspired to dominate the German peoples. So Prussia artfully wheedled Austria into joining her in robbing Denmark of nearly half her land; and then she picked a quarrel with Austria, defeated her, and stood out before the world as the paramount German Power.

To weld the separate elements into a single empire required one more war. This she easily contrived against France, and by persuading her German neighbours that the French were really bent on whipping Germany she secured them all as allies and with them whipped France. The German Empire thus united was bound together by the iron cables of Prussia; and was not merely bound together but, before long, it was Prussianized.

The instinct for piracy seems to be innate in the German temperament; at any rate, the Prussians soon succeeded in kindling it in Teutons of every tribe. There used to be a pleasant tradition that the South Germans and the Rhinelanders were gentle, honest people, quite unlike the Prussians, but this fallacy will never fool any one again. During the present war the Bavarians have equalled the Prussians in atrocity, and have gloated over it. Before the war all classes of Germans, from swaggering Junkers to grovelling bootblacks and professors, had embraced piracy as their national ideal.

President Wilson and a good many other Americans have thought they saw a generic difference between the Kaiser and the German people; they even hinted that the German people would secretly welcome any foreigner that would release them from their bondage to the Kaiser. To picture Germany as Andromeda, living at the mercy of the Hohenzollern monster and waiting for a possible Perseus to rescue her, does credit to the poetic persons who cherish it, but it betrays their absolute blindness to fact; for there is no more difference between the Kaiser and the Germans than between tweedledum and tweedledee. Happily, the recent utterances of President Wilson and of

Premier Lloyd George indicate that they are not misled by specious lines of distinction.

Piracy pays! That motto, adopted long since in act by the Prussians, was accepted without demur by the Germans; and in order to prove its truth they needed only to follow the course of German expansion from the modest days of high toll taking in the south to the Babylonian pomps of imperial Berlin in the north. We must not do the Germans the injustice, therefore, to infer that they have had any scruples against going into the present war. Why should they? They knew that Germany had the largest army in history and they counted on its winning the largest spoils. When victory was delayed, owing to the impoliteness of the Allies, they were told by their finance minister not to worry, because the longer the delay the richer would be the booty; and he cheered them by assuring them that the Allies would have to pay indemnities which would make every German, and his children's children, rich.

Still there was a hitch, and, what was more, not merely higher taxes and heavier burdens and mourning for dead Boches in every household, but an inconsiderate gnawing at the stomach—that vulgar and unpatriotic organ which refused to be appeased by the Kaiser's promises of incalculable loot.

In his desperation the Kaiser—blocked from military victory on the western front, where alone it would have real value—turned to the Middle Europe alternative. To secure that he needed only peace, not war, and that is why at Christmas, 1917, he repeated his peace offer, but with more camouflage and more suspicious provisos than in 1916.

The statesmen of the Allies have treated this offer with the scorn which it merits, but the public is so gullible and the propaganda of the pro-Germans and the pacifists is so insidious and incessant that we are likely to hear voices raised in approval of it. War weariness counts for much; hypnotic influence of words, as I have already remarked, counts for much also.

But there never was a crisis when it was so vitally important that men should not mistake the shadow for the substance. Persons delude themselves into thinking that peace is a fixed condition; but to stop fighting now would not mean peace; it would merely give a truce to those powers of evil which remorselessly plunged the world into the present war, to prepare for another war whereby they might win what they have missed in this one, and dominate mankind.

Peace can come only when the conditions of true peace are restored. Between 1871 and 1914

Europe did not enjoy a true peace, because every day and every hour of those forty-three years Germany was equipping herself for the colossal piracy which she openly engaged in four years ago. Her European neighbours had dim forebodings of the day of Armageddon which loomed behind all the Prussian policies and military preparations.

Reckoning merely by the sordid measure of money, it cost Europe at least a billion dollars a year, on the average, to keep up, even partially, armaments to match the German; and when the war ends and the great bill is made out to cover its direct tangible expenses, there must be added the $43,000,000,000 for the preliminary outlay Europe had to make to protect itself against the Hohenzollern ambition. There has never been anything in history for which men have paid so dear as that ambition-embodying German greed and German lust of power.

And in return what has modern Germany given the world? Not one poem, not a single book of high and permanent inspiration, not a painting, not a statue, not even a musician worthy to rank with the German masters who wrote the world's music in the days before the poison of Prussianism blighted the German soul.

Only when you look straight at the facts and

see the cause of the war will you understand how fatuous it is to babble of making peace so long as the champions of wrong are left intact. The struggle lies between two diametrically opposed and mutually destructive ideals of life; between autocracy (which believes that mankind are by nature—and, in fact, should be the chattels of a monarch who has absolute control over their life and conditions and can put them to death when he chooses) and democracy—(which believes that the humblest individual possesses a soul which he can best develop in liberty only, and that this principle of freedom shall prevail in the dealings of individuals with each other and in the political, religious, and social communities into which they group themselves). In its international relations "Live and let live" has been the rule of democracy; but autocracy does not willingly tolerate other forms of government, especially when those forms seem to be rivals.

The autocrat who controls his own subjects absolutely must desire to extend his control over his neighbours; and nothing could be more disquieting to an autocrat than to have powerful democratic neighbours. They may not be even materially powerful; it is sufficient for them to waft abroad the principles of democracy, as flowers

waft their fructifying pollen. If only a river divides the two nations, how can the sight of the democrats, who are masters of themselves, fail to put revolutionary thoughts into the minds of the autocrat's human chattels? Since 1871 Germany, following Bismarck's cue, pretended to feel contempt for the noisy, explosive, often discordant French democrats; but it was the example that, in spite of all shortcomings, France could maintain herself as a democracy which disquieted the despot at Berlin and made him desire the downfall of democratic France.

And not of France only but of all democracies. During the past fifty years the spirit of democracy has gone into all lands and has been a political solvent in which many ancient despotisms have been loosened and transformed. Bismarck saw clearly that even Prussian autocracy would be consumed by it, though, as he said, the Germans are politically the most retrograde of European peoples and the most incapable of self-government. So he set about strengthening autocracy in Germany, his chief weapon being the extension of militarism. On the foundations he laid the present Kaiser built; and, so far as he could, he encoiled with his partnership the other chief despotisms, the sadly degenerate despotisms, of

Europe—Austria and Turkey. Bismarck taught that democracy, through lack of having its power unified under a single central control, could not compete with an autocracy. When, therefore, the German Kaiser deemed that everything was ready at home and that the internal conditions, including lack of military preparedness in France, England, Italy, and Russia, were most favourable for him, he sprang with tigerish swiftness and ferocity at the throat of Belgium and France.

The slowly unfolding process of war has simply confirmed the fact that it is a life-and-death struggle between these two antagonistic principles. Autocracy, championed by the German Kaiser, has in its desperation abandoned civilized methods and ideals and has, indeed, been ready to destroy civilization itself rather than to let go its hold on power. It has accepted as its watchword Bernhardi's alternative, "World dominion or downfall"; it will tolerate no other form of government than its own; it recognizes no law, human or divine, except that which the Kaiser makes.

What peace, what truce even, can be arranged with such an antagonist? Where are any common terms for negotiation to be found? The timid, the tired, the doubting, the depressed, tell us that as things have reached a deadlock we must consent

to compromise. In what religious creed is it taught that men are justified in compromising with evil? Into what brave heart did the poisonous thought ever glide that he might honourably lay down his arms before a stubborn and formidable enemy? In this conflict there can be no stopping until Prussian military autocracy, the most recent form in which Satan has panoplied himself, has been destroyed. Any peace which leaves that intact will usher in Prussian world dominion.

It takes no very keen eyes to penetrate the deceit of the camouflage of the Kaiser's peace offer. If he were now all-victorious, as he alleges, would he make this offer—or any other? By no means. He would take, occupy, and despotize without any "by your leave." He pretends to be able to dictate to all the belligerents. What is the truth? His armies are farther off from Paris than they were a year ago; he has gained not a square inch of British territory for a foothold; and his futile air raids on England, having killed not above a thousand non-combatants, mostly women and children, have simply strengthened the resolve of the British to fight until the coward monster who resorts to such atrocities is slain. He has lost all his colonies.

The Kaiser knows all this. He has known

since the Battle of the Marne that he was beaten in his original purpose. Why, then, does he exploit so flimsy and transparent a trick? He has several motives. In the first place, despairing of winning the war by a military decision, he seeks to win it by political corruption; and his success with the infamous Russian dregs encourages him to hope that he may disintegrate his other enemies by similar means. The American counterparts of the Bolsheviki are working persistently in America, as they are the local counterparts in other countries, though they do not necessarily speak Russian.

So the Kaiser counts on them everywhere. What a stupendous hypocrisy it is, when you consider it, that the Kaiser, the complete autocrat, who has throughout his reign persecuted and wished to annihilate anarchists and socialists, should now turn to the venal members of both these sects to save him from destruction! How can he ever recover his prestige? The very existence of the German Empire—of the autocracy which plots to dominate the world—depends, it appears, on the good will of these incendiaries. And how shall the party of revolution, which has protested for half a century that it could make no truce with German autocracy, regain its lost reputation after prostituting itself to organize

the Socialist Congress at Stockholm and to administer deadly poison to the Russians, at the Kaiser's suggestion?

Another motive behind the peace offer is the desperate need of continuing to feed the German people with lies. From the outset this has been the Kaiser's favourite expedient. He knew their docility and it seemed as if he wished to put their gullibility to the test. They were told long ago that he had taken Paris, occupied London, subjugated England, and burnt Edinburgh. They were told that in the Battle of Jutland the German fleet had won the greatest naval victory of all time. They were told that we Americans were a wretched lot of cowards, who couldn't raise an army if we wished, and couldn't send one to Europe even if we raised it, on account of the submarines which controlled the Atlantic and were starving England into submission.

A people which not only swallowed all these lies but smacked their lips in the process, naturally found it quite logical that their war lord, from his victorious height, should condescend to agree to allow his poor beaten enemies to stop fighting. To the German people, accordingly, the peace offer is another proof that they have won the war.

The Kaiser has sneered at the participation of

the Americans in the war, just as he sneered at the British "Contemptibles," but he understands very well that the American troops are crossing regularly to France, and he wishes to get peace before their numbers, added to the armies of the Allies, shall vanquish Hindenburg on the western front. This is another reason.

But the paramount reason for his frantic desire for peace is that if the war can be closed now he will realize his Middle-Europe dream, which will assure for him in a very few years the domination of the world. This is why his terms must not be considered for a moment. He slyly counts on any consideration of peace as a point in his favour. The temptation, which at first sight reveals itself in all its repulsiveness, may exert its seductive power over us if we give it time—"We first endure, then pity, then embrace." This may be the effect that a bastard and deceitful peace-offer may work upon the Allies.

We may pertinently inquire: What would be the preliminaries of such a peace? Whom could the Allies treat with? Not with the Kaiser, because he is forsworn; his oath is worth nothing, whether he pledge himself as monarch or as man. Tirpitz, Hindenburg, and the imperial ring could not be trusted. They boast that they hold no word as sacred, and they are busy fabricating lies,

plots, and conspiracies which they sow broadcast. Until German troops shall evacuate the territories they have seized, and shall disarm, it would be suicide, therefore, for the Allies to check their military operations, to withdraw their troops from any position, and much less to think of reducing their forces by a single man.

Here is a practical difficulty which the Kaiser cannot have overlooked, but there is a moral consideration which cries out far more solemnly against the Kaiser's schemes. Every ally, every neutral, every man or woman with a sense of justice, must regard such a compact as a compounding with the most atrocious criminal in history. It would make us at least the extenuators of all the German crimes, of the outrages on women and children in Belgium and France, of the massacres in Poland and Armenia, of the systematic starving of prisoners, of the deportation and enslaving of millions of non-combatants, of the deliberate ravaging of towns and countries and the destruction of works of art, of the negation of the primal trust of man in man and of the spirit of mercy and justice without which civilization cannot endure. Who among all the Allies will take the odious, bloodstained hand of William of Hohenzollern in his and say "Let us be friends"?

VI

DESPOTISM BY THE DREGS[1]

THE dissolution of Russia, through the shameful action of the Bolsheviki, must have a salutary effect, which neither they nor the Germans who corrupted them foresaw. It serves both as a warning and as an example. Years before the Atrocious War began, sober observers believed that Western civilization was headed straight for a social revolution—a revolution which should be more thorough, more ruthless, more inexorable even than that of France in 1789.

At the opening of the French Revolution the great mass of the Third Estate, the peasants and labourers, and even the bourgeoisie, being without political rights, were still subservient to the privileged classes, which numbered altogether only a few thousand individuals—who ruled them. Now, however, thanks to the spread of democracy as a political system during the past one hundred and twenty years, the very lowest classes, socially and

[1] *Saturday Evening Post*, May 4, 1918.

economically, enjoy in most countries the franchise; and even in despotic countries they have contrived to band together in labour unions and other organizations.

The French Revolution of 1789 differed totally from the Russian Revolution of 1917 in that it was launched by some of the best leaders in France, and that when it passed from their hands into the control of the Terrorists it was still led by men of unusual, if mistaken, intellectual force. Mirabeau, whose valiant words gave the keynote of the Revolution, was himself a noble and, what is far more important, was one of the very few transcendent statesmen of modern Europe; and Robespierre, the despot of the Terror, was an educated man, fanatical, narrow, hard as steel and unbending as flint.

In Russia, however, though the Revolution seems to have been begun by reasonable men like Miliukoff, it slipped quickly down to Kerensky, the political tight-rope walker, and from him to the Bolsheviki, with their incredible despots, Lenine and Trotzky. Neither by training nor experience, nor by mental endowment, were these two sufficiently equipped to run even a dairy; and yet the world beheld them, for four months and over, directing the destiny of more than a hundred

and fifty million Russians, and incidentally affecting all the nations involved in the great war.

It is because the Bolsheviki represent the lowest layer of Russian society—the very dregs, to be precise—that their experiment in despotism has far-reaching significance. I call them the dregs, not from any snobbish rating, but because that is a word which describes them. It is a pathetic and terrible fact that after civilization, as we know it, has been in progress for so many, many centuries, there should exist in Russia, or any other country regarded as civilized, a large body of the population lying stagnant at the Bolshevist level; and, more awful still, that by a sudden whirl of fortune they should be able to seize the reins of government and play the many-headed despot over the multitudinous millions of their countrymen.

The Russian dregs have superstition, but no religion. They have been taught for centuries to bow their heads low, a posture in which they cannot look their fellowmen face to face and eye to eye, much less look up and recognize a Power higher than that of man. So ignorant are they that they do not understand the simplest intellectual laws of life. They do not understand that a lasting government cannot be founded for

the crude purpose of transferring into Bolshevik pockets all the dollars outside of them.

"Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed!" Oxenstiern, the Swedish statesman, remarked three centuries ago; and, to the eye of pure reason, human governments have nearly always been run with a minimum of wisdom. Still, the Bolsheviki are the first to boast that ignorance, incompetence, and inexperience are the best equipment for those who attempt to govern a state.

If we apply the Bolshevist doctrine in other fields we shall see at once its absurdity. In war, for instance, it would be equivalent to asserting that the bows and arrows and tomahawks of Iroquois Indians would be more effective weapons than howitzers and machine guns and seventy-fives are to-day; or, in transportation, that the ox cart, with its primitive wheels cut from the trunk of a large tree, with which the Russian muzhik trundles over the muddy Muscovite plains, is superior to the modern locomotive and its train of freight cars.

During the period of reconstruction after our Civil War shortsighted politicians practised the Bolshevist method when they handed over the control of some of our Southern States to the negroes—persons, that is, who had had abso-

lutely no training in government and who had recently been actual slaves. We may attribute to them all the good intentions we wish; but the result was what it had to be. And that episode stands out now as one of the most disgraceful in our history. Years later a well-known abolitionist, a friend of mine, was talking the matter over with a sensible old darky who said: "Dose yere politicians up no'th tried to put ign'rance on top of 'telligence; but it wouldn't stay dar."

It would be well if every Bolshevik in Russia, and those who think like him in all parts of the world, would adopt and ponder the old darky's wise words. You can put ignorance on top of intelligence, but it won't stay there. The mere fact of living in the twentieth century presupposes a certain modicum of intelligence on the part of even the lowest.

Formerly, before modern inventions had made the whole world one neighbourhood, life was really very simple. The village supported itself, raising its own food and other necessaries, and passing its day as monotonously as a bagpipe's drone; whereas now that village must be very remote which does not count among its villagers persons with intelligence enough to have relations with the great business of the country and to tap national chan-

nels of distribution. We live at one or more removes from Nature, and we must know the machinery that connects us with life, or else we perish. And yet it is precisely at this time, when intelligence is the condition indispensable to our existence, that the Bolsheviki unfurl their banner of ignorance and propose to overturn society.

If they ask us to repudiate the old Romanoff methods of unjust government we concur; but, because we repudiate the despotism of the Czar, we repudiate also the despotism of the dregs. Insist, if you will, that under the Czar's régime Russian society was so organized and governed that the lion's share of wealth went into the hands of the Czar, his court, their friends, and a limited privileged class of nobles and capitalists. Do the Bolsheviki offer a juster system, one in which equality and fraternity really prevail, one in which there is even a distant recognition of liberty? Far from it. The Bolsheviki do not even disguise their piratical motives; Czarism did. By its more sophisticated methods it hid its rapacity under economic and social subterfuges. The devil was not only the inventor of indirect taxation, by which a whole people can be fleeced for the benefit of a fraction, but he invented, also, most of the devices by which despotism oils its ma-

chinery. The Russian Bolsheviki are merciless to their enemies, to whom they acknowledge no obligations, no rights, and whom they intend to crush by force. Every person possessing a dollar is their enemy.

Extremes meet. The German Empire, the most highly organized despotism, past or present, proclaims that no non-German has any rights which it respects; not even the right to live. And it denies that any moral law or regard for duty, or for humanity, or for justice, can bind a German in his dealings with non-Germans. This is exactly the doctrine preached by the Bolsheviki.

Having wriggled themselves into power, the Bolsheviki bluntly announced that they would rule alone. They would not tolerate representatives of any other class to share in the government, or to speak in either the name of their class or of Russia; and this they called democracy! Even Prussian despots were more careful than they to keep up the pretense of giving all classes a share in the franchise, and so presumably in the government of the state. Every Prussian voted; but the votes were so weighted that in some cases one Junker equalled sixty thousand plebeians.

This is the Prussian way of practising equality; and yet there are glib, sanctimonious, and deceitful

German professors who boast of Germany's manhood suffrage and of the deep craving for democracy in the German heart. We shall not understand the situation until we perceive that the Bolsheviki and the German despots detest democracy equally, and that their detestation creates another strong bond between them.

The principles of the Bolsheviki, or Maximalists, are summed up in the cry: "We want more!" which differs only in degree from that of the German pirates: "We want the earth!" The Bolshevik is born into the world in very wretched circumstances. After passing beyond childhood he has no one but himself to turn to for support; then he can earn only a scanty pittance, he has only meagre fare and unceasing toil. On looking about him he sees other men much more fortunately placed in life; a few enjoy great wealth, which they themselves did not earn, but the larger part labour in one way or another, and the scale has been so arranged that most of them are so well paid that they can give their families ease and comfort—perhaps even luxury.

This inequality in their lots seems to the Bolshevik proof not only of inequality but of rank injustice. He believes himself the victim, and no doubt he sometimes is, of exploitation by those

above him. He thinks that the social and industrial system in which he is hopelessly imprisoned regards him as unhumanly as it would a wheelbarrow or a hoe—a tool necessary for accumulating wealth for the beneficiaries of the system—not a man with a man's hopes, needs, sorrows, and sufferings, to be dealt with sympathetically.

If he inquires of his aged parents how it was with them they tell him that it was no better; or with their parents, or with those who went before, as far as tradition whispers. And so he concludes that a hideous and merciless injustice persists from age to age in the world and, like a python, strangles him as his fellows in its frightful coils.

The heart that nurses a grievance, the head that turns over and over in sullen anger a wrong which it cannot redress, can never be safe counsellors. Whosoever speaks in wrath, speaks folly. But the Bolsheviki and all like them listen to their wrath and act as it dictates. Since they cannot get the wealth they covet in any other way, they will take it by force; and snaky sophists urge them on, telling them that the wealth is really theirs, because they and their kindred earned it.

To want more—if "more" means education, wisdom, virtue, power to do good, humanity—

indicates an appetite at once healthy and laudable; but when "more" means money, luxury, and other material and sensual things it is a very doubtful object of pursuit. And when you begin seizing from another, on the mere warrant of your own greed, that which belongs to him, you embark on downright robbery. Nor will your plea that he first stole it, by so-called lawful means from those who could not resist him, absolve you.

Having entered on this process of appropriation, where will the Bolsheviki stop? If they take all the dollars of all the non-Bolsheviki, how will these be able to survive? The Germans, of course, are not troubled by such questions; they see to it that the occupants of lands which they covet—Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Armenia—are either slaughtered outright or left to die from lack of food. The Bolsheviki, however, have not yet reached the pass where they are ready to destroy, even if they could, the millions of Russians whose wealth they covet.

Nevertheless, so far as appears in their avowed principles and in their acts, the great incentive that impels them is to transfer into their own purses the roubles which belong to others.

I believe that every government like every individual, not only should cherish and proclaim

ideals but should strive to the utmost to attain them. The higher the ideals in either case, the less likely it is that they will be wholly attained.

> A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?

But ideals, as we use the word, imply a reach upward; an endeavour after something better; the yearning for the intangible, the invisible, the holy, the ultimate good. Test the Bolshevist aims by this touchstone—you find nothing ideal about them. They cry out against the greed and injustice of the privileged classes and the capitalists; and all they plan to do—all, according to their vision, they can do—is to substitute their own injustice, their own greed for those of their enemies. They will never capture my sympathy or that of anybody else who sees that this is a moral world, in which the immoral can be put down only by superior moral force. To dethrone one greed and set up another equally hideous can bring no improvement; and in this case it may be that the system of industrial and social greed against which the Bolsheviki rage is less evil than their own incendiary purpose.

They have not learned a truth that was revealed to men ages and ages ago—long before industrial-

ism was dreamed of—that "Order is heaven's first law." Bolsheviki and anarchists who propose to set up disorder, in place of such order as the world has been able to maintain, condemn themselves and their system. They advocate a condition so utterly antagonistic to every human and natural law that it cannot possibly endure. Any one, of course, can cause disorder. And if the disorder be on a sufficiently large scale it may be called a revolution; but revolutions do not last. After the anarchist has smashed everything he detests he must set up in its place a régime in which every-day life can go on, business be transacted, commerce be extended, the ordinary human contacts be enjoyed, the individual experience of men, women, and children be undergone.

The time must come, even in the Utopia of which the anarchist dreams, when there will be no more enemies for him to blow up. His Utopia provides for no regular occupation; but if we try to visualize it we see only him and all his fellow anarchists whirling round like epileptic mice in a frenzy of movement that leads to nothing. Political revolutions do, indeed, seem to be in permanence, if not chronic, in some of the South American republics; but if we examine closely we shall find that usually, after a few days or weeks

of violence and hysteria—during which a tyrant that would be attempts to oust the tyrant that is—the country returns to a state of tranquillity, at least so far as to permit the ordinary routine of life to be resumed.

Visit any of those republics after it has come through the longest, frightfullest, and most sanguinary revolution, and you will perceive that all of its population which has survived somehow or other succeeded, even during the worst days, in getting food; from which you infer that the humdrum employments of life, against which the anarchist rages, still went on, though in diminished volume. Revolution can no more be an enduring condition in a state than can brain fever in a person. The anarchist may rejoin that he does not aim at forming a state or a nation; that, on the contrary, he desires each individual to be isolated, to be his own master, to follow his own whims and passions, unhampered by the laws or whims of anybody else.

On every ground, sane men the world over must deplore that Russia on the very threshold of her freedom should have fallen a prey to the despicable yet terrible—(all maniacs are terrible)—Bolsheviki. And it is all the more to be regretted that Lenine, Trotzky, and the other leaders of the

Bolshevist orgy of crime and cruelty are Jews. The nineteenth was the century of the germs and the Germans, and the twentieth seems destined to be the century of the Jews, who, after being for ages unjustly cast out and persecuted as the pariahs of civilization, have become the parasites who fatten on its industries, commerce, and finance. Their entry, under the guise of Bolsheviki, into the sphere of government is ominous. If this is a sample of what the world is to be under them, better, a thousand times better, that the Deluge should come *before* rather than after them.

Have you ever seen a community of prairie dogs, in which each sits up erect at the opening of his particular burrow? Substitute anarchists for prairie dogs, each with a gun, watching to snipe any of his neighbours who unwarily pops his head out of his hole, and you have a foresight of the Utopia that anarchism hopes to erect on the ruins of the present world. But prairie dogs live on a comparatively low level of morals and intelligence in the animal kingdom, and no reasonable man would take them as a pattern for building a human state. That the best the anarchists can hold up to us, as their vision of what should be, is the prairie-dog community shows where they belong.

But the Bolsheviki and their similars in many

countries deny that they are anarchists; and they insist that they uphold the quite opposite ideals of socialism. "Socialist" has become a term of such varied, elastic, vague, and evasive meaning that many persons accept it as they might wear a magnificent cloak to render themselves invisible at need. In fact, it is almost as useful as Charity for covering a multitude of sins.

I am not concerned with labels, but with actions; and the actions of the Bolsheviki, so far as they have been described during the Russian Revolution, warrant us in classing them with the most destructive revolutionists, who propose and have to some extent used the methods of the anarchists, whatever may be the state they wish to establish after they have destroyed society as it is.

There is an old story—perhaps untrue—of one of the early Rothschilds, who was held up one day by a ruffian-like fellow who said angrily: "I believe in the division of wealth. Nobody has a right to be as rich as you are." Not at all disconcerted, Rothschild was silent for a moment, as if computing, then he replied: "Very well. I am worth so much. There are so many million inhabitants in this country. Your share, pro rata, is two and a half thalers. Here they are." And he handed out the money and walked on.

That seemed a simple way to settle the feverish conflict between capital and labour; but, even if the division could be made peaceably, nobody believes that it would result in a lasting settlement. I do not intend to thrust forward the argument, as cheap as it is trite, against socialism or anarchism or any other scheme of revolution, that, even if it were carried out, the world would revert in a week's time to its immemorial state of inequality; those who have the knack of getting rich would have begun to acquire the share of those who not only cannot make money but cannot even keep it when they have it. A survey of history, ancient or modern, justifies us in assuming that this reversion to inequality would take place. But, with the damnation of Germany before us, let us beware of asserting that human nature will never do this thing or that thing.

Up to fifty years ago the Germans were regarded as a decent, well-intentioned, rather kindly if mannerless people; leaders in philosophy and in music; leaders in science; devoted to education; literally saturated with the poetry and prose of Goethe, Schiller, and their contemporaries; fed on Luther's Bible; and prone to relieve their patient, plodding pursuit of science by romanticist outbursts and by unabashed sentimentality.

Then the Prussian virus, which had been distilling from Prussian bandits, Junkers, and barbarians for many generations, was inoculated into the German body; and it spread slowly through every artery and vein, through every limb and muscle, including the heart, and mounted into the brain—and poisoned all. And the German people, the good-natured burly people of scarcely half a century ago, has been perverted into a nation of wolves and serpents.

They repudiate every moral law, every instinct of humanity that raises man above the beasts; they preach and practise the slaughter of the innocent and the defenseless; they shrink from neither arson nor outrage nor torture; they pollute wells and spread baneful bacteria; they bombard hospitals and hospital ships, killing without mercy the wounded, the nurses, and the surgeons; and in their insensate fury they destroy even trees, mute witnesses of their diabolism.

With this object lesson before us of the power of evil to transform a people in less than fifty years, let no one say hereafter that human nature is always the same; and that, therefore, reforms which aim at making over its essence cannot possibly succeed. Let us rather ask why, if the forces of evil can work this change, the forces of

good might not conceivably work another equally fundamental?

It is on our belief that human nature is perfectible—that we can, as individuals and as groups, improve ourselves in manners, mind, and morals—that we base our systems of education from age to age. They change and the pupils whom they discipline change—an indication that human nature, which underlies both, changes also. Nay, the Germans, who are now so thoroughly infected with the Hunnish poison, might plead that that is not what it used to be: for during the Thirty Years' War the Germans resorted to cannibalism and ate each other—a degradation they have abstained from in the present war.

I admit, therefore, that, as human nature may change, the argument against Socialism, which depends on the unchangeability of human nature, is not valid. But let us turn from vague and very remote possibilities to unescapable facts. Let us ask what the Bolsheviki professed and what they actually did. It ought certainly to be fair to take Trotzky, whom they have followed and obeyed for many months, as their representative and to regard him as their authoritative spokesman.

In 1916 he was living in France, editing an incendiary Russian newspaper called the *Nashe*

Slavo, and sowing the seeds of the Revolution to the best of his ability among the French proletariat. He belonged to the Workmen's International, a body that has been industriously burrowing under the surface of society in most of the European countries and in the United States. Being suspected of instigating a mutiny among Russian sailors, Trotzky was expelled from France.

It happened that Jules Guesde, a socialist of formidable reputation, was a member of the Briand Ministry which expelled him. Trotzky thereupon addressed to Guesde an open letter filled with vituperation and scorn of the backsliding socialist minister, and with fiery protestations of Trotzky's incorruptibility and dauntlessness. Listen to a few sentences from this address of the Muscovite Catiline:

> We revolutionary internationalists are more dangerous enemies of German reaction than all the governments of the Allies taken together. Their hostility to Germany is, at the bottom, nothing but the hatred of the competitor; our revolutionary hatred of its ruling class is indestructible. Imperialist competition may again unite the rival enemy brethren of to-day. When the total destruction of Germany has been realized, England and France, after a decade, would again approach the Kaiserdom of the Hohenzollern in the friendliest spirit, to defend themselves against the superiority of Russia. A future Poincaré will exchange telegrams of congratulation with Wilhelm or with his heirs;

Lloyd George, in the peculiar language of the priest and the boxer, will curse and condemn Russia as the defending wall of barbarism and militarism; Albert Thomas, as the French ambassador to the Kaiser, would be showered with flowers cut by the gentle hands of the court madames of Potsdam, as occurred so recently in Tsarskoe Selo.

All the banalities of present-day speeches and articles would again be unpacked. Mr. Renaudel would have to change in his article only the proper names, a task for which his mental faculties and abilities would doubtless suffice. But we will remain the outspoken sworn enemies of Germany's rulers that we are to-day; for we hate German reaction with the same revolutionary hatred that we have sworn against Czarism and against the French moneyed aristocracy.*

Brave words of the Muscovite Catiline of 1916! But I do Catiline an injustice by this comparison; for the Roman fought and died; but the Bolshevik ranted and vapoured and ignominiously surrendered. There is a long distance still between such Russians and the Romans, not only in their civilization but in their capacity for backing up a revolution, or in any other task requiring character.

Less than a year after Trotzky had hurled his defiant sarcasm at Guesde he turned up in Berlin on his way from New York to Russia, and there some influence seems to have overcome his valour.

*This letter was first printed in Geneva and recently appeared in the *Class Struggle*, the Internationalist organ in New York City. The New York *Tribune* reprinted it on March 16, 1918.

More than that, it seems to have hopelessly crippled his sense of logic; for on reaching Russia and succeeding, with Lenine, in grasping control of the Revolution, which had sunk by this time to the level of the Bolsheviki, he set about arranging to surrender Russia to William II and the Austrian Emperor, whom he had recently branded as "two criminals who . . . refused to respect the rules and regulations of international law." He and Lenine disbanded the shattered fragments of the Russian army, bade the Russians fraternize with the Teutons, and in less than four months had made over great provinces of Russia, with fifty-five million inhabitants, to the German Kaiser and his Austrian vassal.

To those of us who still cling to the meaning of words and who understand the values of the things behind the words, this is the most amazing treachery in history; but Trotzky would no more blush at being accused of it than he blushed at committing it. He holds patriotism in disdain; he calls it "this mania of nationalism." In his view the proletarians have no nation, no country; and, therefore, they feel no patriotic passion. What binds them together is their class interest, which he regards as identical in Russia, Germany, France, and the United States.

But we cannot help asking what happened to change Trotzky's vehement hatred of the German Kaiser. Their enemies say that he and his Bolshevist accomplices were bought up by the Kaiser's gold; and we can imagine that if they were, in fact, bribable, the Kaiser could have lured them all for a smaller sum than it costs him to run the war a day.

There is, however, besides bribery, the alternative reason—duplicity—to account for the great betrayal. Lenine and Trotzky and the little group of vapourers round them may have been honestly hoodwinked, gulled, and captured by German guile. How varied this is we all know. Perhaps the Germans flattered the vanity of these two men, who had risen with tragical suddenness to control in a very real sense the destiny of Russia, and to deflect, so far as they could, the course of the war.

Doubtless the Boches promised much, smoothed over difficulties, pretended to be deeply concerned for the welfare of the downtrodden Russian proletariat, and anxious lest, if the Bolsheviki did not accept German good will, some turn of fortune might restore the Czar, and with him all the tyranny the lower classes had suffered from the Romanoffs. In short, you can imagine what

blandishments you will; the result you know: Led by Lenine and Trotzky, the Bolshevist fly walked with a lunatic simper into the parlour of the Hun spider. Russia ceased to exist as a coherent empire.

What should we say of these men? They had protested for years their hatred of tyranny; but when the Russian yoke was lifted for the first time they were so feeble-minded, so moth-witted, that they rushed voluntarily and eagerly to put their necks into a yoke more terrible than they had ever borne. Bad and loathsome as czarist despotism was, it never equalled that of the Prussians, for under the czars there always came respites in oppression—moments when the corrupt and incompetent administration relaxed a little, perhaps from sheer indolence; but the Poles in Posen and the French in Alsace know that the Prussian never relaxes. To him a subject people is an enemy toward whom he never relents. On the contrary, he busies his careful, painstaking mind in devising new forms of persecution. To Prussian tyranny Trotzky and Lenine consigned the Russian people with a smirk of self-satisfaction, as if they were placing their countrymen beyond the reach of peril.

Trotzky has written so clear a statement of his

aims* that we are hardly likely to misunderstand or misjudge him. Before the war he believed that the Second International—that is, the Socialist League, which was organized in Europe and America—would control not merely international economic but also international political conditions. If the capitalistic governments proposed to make war on each other, the French socialist, being a socialist first and a Frenchman second, would simply refuse to fight the German, who was assumed to be a socialist first and a German second; and so of Russian, Austrian, Italian, and all other socialists. Then evidently there could be no war.

But facts inconsiderately exploded the socialist expectations, perhaps because the German, through his utter brutality, taught the Frenchman and the others that he was at heart German before everything else. The socialists in Germany truckled obsequiously to the imperial command, and their leaders informed foreign socialists that they contemplated no move which should weaken or menace the German imperialist policy. I except the socialist Liebknecht, who so far as appears, has been the one moral hero in Germany since August, 1914; and he has been, quite naturally, most of the time in prison.

**The Bolsheviki and World Peace*, by Leon Trotzky, New York, 1918.

Trotzky has had to deplore, therefore, that the nations were fighting the battles of capitalism, in which the proletariat had absolutely no interest, just as if the International had not been working and agitating for more than a decade. And so he laments that the Second International had nothing to do but to die. When Russia rid herself of the Czar by the Revolution and the Bolsheviki came into control, Trotzky, the lifelong enemy of Capitalism, was inspired by the brilliant thought that he would betray Russia to Germany, the very country which, he insisted, had made greater advances in capitalism than any other.

Writing only a few months ago, Trotzky expressed alarm lest the war should continue for several years, until all the belligerents were reduced to exhaustion. If that state were reached he foresaw that the proletariat would be worse off than any of the other classes; so much so, indeed, that all the gains the socialists had made in the last "two generations would vanish in a sea of blood, without leaving a trace behind." Accordingly, he believed it to be desperately urgent that peace should be arrived at on any terms. It mattered little to him that it should be a German peace, leaving German despotism, based on Jun-

kerdom and the army, actually if not avowedly intact. He says:

Such a struggle for peace means for us not only a fight to save humanity's material and cultural possessions from further insane destruction. It is for us primarily a fight to preserve the revolutionary energy of the proletariat. To assemble the ranks of the proletariat in a fight for peace means again to place the forces of revolutionary socialism against raging, tearing imperialism on the whole front.

Thus the Bolshevist peace into which Trotzky would inveigle us holds two possibilities for this war-worn, blood-choked world: Either the German Empire, controlling more than two hundred million people, will proceed, as soon as it can conscript its able-bodied men into armies and equip them, to conquer the world; or if, by some miracle which neither Trotzky nor anybody else describes, Germany is transformed into a peace-loving "female" race, then the proletariat will rise up and blight the world with such a revolution as it has never even dreamed of. Trotzky remarks:

The present war has wrenched the hammer out of the worker's hand and put a gun into his hand instead. And the worker, who has been tied down by the machinery of the capitalist system, is suddenly torn from his usual setting and taught to place the aims of society above happiness at home,

and even life itself. With the weapon in his hand that he himself has forged, the worker is put in a position where the political destiny of the state is directly dependent upon him.

In quoting Trotzky's words I would beg the reader to understand that he means them literally. Monstrous as it may seem to the average intelligent American that any one could await complacently a world either shackled to German despotism or demolished by an earthquake of world-wide range, Trotzky and his friends and his dupes in every country look forward to one or the other of these alternatives.

Thanks to Trotzky and Lenine, and their betrayal of Russia, we know what Bolshevikism aims at and what it has already done. There are Bolsheviki in all countries, but the Russian variety is the *reductio ad absurdum* of them all. They set out with an implacable hatred of tyranny and immediately surrendered to the tyranny of Germany. More gullible creatures have not been known in history. They profess to yearn for peace, but it is not the peace of justice, not the peace of democracy, but a peace in which the Social International may at once overturn whatever remains of civilized government.

To think of surrendering the last shred of law and order to such incompetent visionaries is crazy!

But it is against this very danger that the statesmen of the Allies must be on their guard. These proletarians pretend that they are international and aim at no narrowing local patriotism. In fact, however, the German socialists remain incurably German, and they hoped, at the congress at Stockholm, to seduce and swindle the other national socialist bodies as they succeeded in doing with the Russian. In the United States the I. W. W., who represent the militant wing of the proletariat, have not disguised their pro-German purposes.

There are sentimental souls whose pity for the wretched leads them not merely to defend the Bolsheviki, wherever they may be, but even to justify and eulogize them. In their philanthropic hearts they feel a glow of self-satisfaction throbbing at what they call the wrecks and slaves of capitalism. They are as surely the enemies of justice and humanity as are the pacifists. Under the mask of aiding downtrodden proletarians they are actively engaged in strengthening the Germans. Make no mistake about this, you ladies who flit hysterically from fad to fad and just now weave garlands for the Bolsheviki.

There is but one moral: Civilization must beat Hun barbarism and win this war. That accom-

plished, the world will turn to social and economic questions and settle them through righteousness and through justice. To stop the war now, at the plea of socialists and the proletariat, would be to betray all classes and the dominion of the world to the Hun, whose rule is the negation of civilization.

VII

ITALY'S GREAT SERVICE IN THE WAR[1]

I

ITALY has been the most misunderstood and consequently the most misjudged of all the Allies. It was only after the serious disaster at Caporetto, in October, 1917, that we and the French and English came to recognize officially the greatness of the task which Italy had had to accomplish and the reasons for her partial failure. She had three difficulties to overcome—diplomatic entanglements, material and financial obstacles, and internal enemies.

Her chief diplomatic entanglement when the war began came from the fact, that for thirty-two years she had been a partner with Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance. This secret agreement had proved to be the most lasting of all Bismarck's international arrangements. Having created the German Empire in 1871, as the first fruits of his victory over the French, he laid about

[1] *World's Work*, August, 1918.

to discover the means by which he might assure the permanence. He saw clearly enough that the day would come when an irresistible conflict would break out between the rising forces of democracy and the long-established power of despotism, and he intended to strengthen and prepare Germany to be the last stronghold of despotism. He knew that the House of Hohenzollern had won all its victories, at home and abroad, under despotic principles; he ridiculed publicly the incapacity of the Germans for self-government, and he understood clearly that their innate servility to their rulers and their devotion to militarism made them willing tools of their despots.

In his desire to render despotism invincible he thought of uniting Austria and Russia with Germany in an alliance for mutual defence. But Russia declined his overtures; not that the Czar had any intention of abandoning despotism in governing Russia, but that he preferred to be his own despot, and he was sufficiently astute to see that whoever would ride on the same horse with Bismarck must ride behind. Foiled in this scheme, Bismarck had to look round for another partner.

Regarding France both as the chief champion of democracy in continental Europe, and as the nation which would be most likely to form any

league and to seize any occasion for attacking Germany, he tried less than five years after the Franco-Prussian War ended to stir up another quarrel with her, in which he said he would "bleed her white" beyond all hope of recovery; and he never ceased to regret that he had not reduced her to a mere province in 1871. To isolate her became the dominant purpose of his statecraft. One way of doing this was to kindle hatred between Italy and France. There being already a good deal of friction between those countries, he made this dynamic by an overt act.

Italy had long coveted Tunis as an African colony on the northern shore of the Mediterranean. The French, who already possessed Algeria, wished to expand over Tunis also, and Bismarck intimated that neither he nor the English would raise any objections. So the French took Tunis, and thereby aroused a storm of rage against them throughout Italy. The transaction cost Bismarck nothing, but it fomented the hatred which he desired between the two Latin countries. It also created in the Italians a sense of their isolation, amounting almost to helplessness, which made them easy victims of his further seduction; for of course they were unaware that he had abetted the French in seizing Tunis.

United Italy was a young nation barely ten years old, and she had not yet outlived the curse of sectionalism which left her weak at home and unfeared abroad. She had to catch up with her civilized neighbours in education, in railroads, in telegraphs, and in all the other organs of modern material progress. She was tremendously handicapped by lack of coal and iron; she was very poor in the means of producing wealth; and she was staggering under the debts of the former small states out of which she grew. A permanent cause of anxiety lurked in her very midst; this was the residence at Rome of the Pope, whose most zealous adherents in Catholic countries constantly threatened to reëstablish his temporal power. But what better protection could she have against Papal intrigues than Germany, the chief Protestant power on the Continent?

Accordingly, by the year 1881 the Italians were ready—through Bismarck's manipulations, which they did not suspect—to think favourably of the suggestion to join Germany in an alliance. They found that they would have to include Austria also, and this was a very bitter proposal, because the Italians had only recently fought their way to independence from Austrian domi-ion. Nevertheless, the Italian Government and

many of the political leaders consented to the alliance, magnifying to its largest proportions the fact that Italy was a partner of Germany, and paying as little attention as possible to Austria.

This Triple Alliance was purely defensive. The vital clause in it bound the other members to go to the aid of the third in case he were attacked. The terms of the treaty were kept secret for many years but its substance soon leaked out. What did Italy get from it? Most of her gain was theoretical: the alliance would protect her from an attack by France and would render improbable any attempt by Austria to restore the Pope. It also somewhat increased her feeling of importance, and her self-reliance. But it opened the door to "peaceful penetration" by Germany, and reduced her almost to the state of Germany's vassal in commerce and in industry before the year 1914.

When the war was imminent, in July in that year, the world speculated as to what Italy would do. Being a member of the Triple Alliance, it was assumed, by those who form their opinions hastily, that she would take part on the side of her allies. The suspense we all felt was almost intolerable. Finally, late in the night of July 31st, Italy announced to France that she would not take part against the Allies, but would denounce

the Triple Alliance and retire from it. The relief caused by this announcement was almost incalculable. Italy's action permitted the French to withdraw several army corps from the Italian frontier, and to transfer them to the north to meet the German shock. The moral significance was equally great: the Italians—having had, as partners of the Teutons, special means of knowing the origins of the war—declared that it was aggressive and not defensive, thus exposing for all time the pretexts and excuses of the German statesmen, and the lies of the German Kaiser.

The Germans cried out that the Italians had betrayed the pledge they had given in the Triple Alliance, but this charge was false, as the terms of that treaty made evident. In order that the reader may have no doubt of this, I quote Article III of the treaty:

> If one or two of the High Contracting Parties should be attacked without direct provocation on their part, and be engaged in war with two or several Great Powers not signatory to this Treaty, the *casus fœderis* shall apply simultaneously to all the High Contracting Powers.

It was tacitly understood, however, that Italy should not be drawn into war with England, in case that country were at war with Germany or Austria.

In 1914 the Germans were bent on discrediting Italy, so that the Allies would put no trust in her. The great joy that we experienced on knowing that Italy would not aid the Teutons was soon followed by a puzzled surprise. We took it for granted that her break with them implied that she would fight against them. Nevertheless, week followed week during that awful month of August, when the Huns swept through France, but Italy made no sign of moving. In early September, Foch defeated the German hosts at the Marne, and then they made their first great drive for Calais, but still the Italians did not move. Then rumours flew about—rumours which the Germans did their utmost to spread—that the Italians were soulless mercenaries, vilely waiting to see which of the combatants would pay them best for their support.

The autumn passed by, winter came on, the Germans intrenched themselves from the Channel to Switzerland; the French and the English urgently needed reinforcements on the western front. Still the Italians remained impassive; impassive, but not idle, for they devoted themselves to getting ready a large army, because the outbreak of the war had found them exhausted in munitions and supplies as well as in troops—

their two years' campaign in Tripoli and against the Turks having left them quite unprepared for a new and greater conflict.

Now this was the reason—this unpreparedness—which caused Italy to remain neutral throughout the winter of 1914-15. She was not, as the Germans insinuated, putting her support at the service of the highest bidder, although Rome was infested by German intriguers and by the agents of the Allies, each of whom tried to win her over by the strongest inducements. Just as the Kaiser sent over here some of his glib corrupters, like Dernburg, so he sent a lot of them into Italy, and it was perhaps evidence that he then regarded it more important to win Italy over than the United States, that he despatched to Rome the oiliest, sleekest, and most resourceful of all his trained seducers, Prince Bülow.

To understand how promising the field was in which Bülow worked, we must remember that for twenty-five years German capital had been dominating northern Italy. Under its impulse, banks, factories, mills, steamship companies, and a vigorous foreign trade had sprung up and prospered. Naturally, the Germans, who had the money, controlled these enterprises and put Germans in to manage them. German interests gradually be-

came very powerful, and the native Italians found that deputies representing those interests were elected to parliament, and had much influence, direct or indirect, on legislation. So Prince Bülow could count on this support. He could count also on a certain section of the Italian nobility; either because it had never forgotten its allegiance to its former petty rulers before the days of United Italy, or because the aristocratic class was more or less *solidaire* in all countries. It required no great cleverness to convince them that autocratic Germany was fighting for them, because it was bent on destroying democracy—the system which, if it finally triumphed, would do away with nobles and monarchs too.

Bülow had a third ally in the Blacks (the Papal party which cared nothing for the welfare of Italy but has always gladly clasped the hand of any accomplice, or welcomed any scheme that aimed at breaking up the Italian Kingdom—the condition precedent to the restoration of the Pope's temporal power.) There was a fourth element also with which the wily Bülow coquetted, the socialists. We can judge now from having seen the effects of German intrigues on the Russian socialists, how dangerous Bülow's manipulation of the Italian threatened to be. One of the

astonishing facts of the past four years is that the socialists of all the other countries, although they protest that they are international, allow themselves to become willing dupes, victims, or accomplices, of the *German* socialists. Socialism will have a hard task when it tries to explain this monstrous incongruity.

The Prince not only carried in his pocket vulgar gold for buying those who were purchasable, but he carried in his portfolio enticing offers which he dangled before the Italian Government. When at last he realized that he could neither frighten nor cajole Italy into fighting alongside of her partners in the Triple Alliance, he worked desperately to persuade her to remain neutral, and with this in view, he promised her the Trentino and Trieste if she would not join the Allies. The territory he so coolly offered belonged to Austria and not to Germany, but he knew, and the Kaiser knew, and the world now knows, that Austria was virtually Germany's vassal, and would have to accept whatever arrangements the German Kaiser dictated.

Competing with Bülow were the French and the English spokesmen, who used arguments which in general appealed to the higher nature and ideals of the Italians. They made it plain that if Italy—

the country which had achieved her independence through the principle of freedom, the country whose founders were Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour (the three apostles of freedom)—were to side with Germany, she would deny her guiding principles, and become herself the tool of despotism. No doubt also they urged her to understand that in the long run her material prosperity was likely to be bound up in friendship with the western powers and not with the Teutons. They, too, promised her that at the close of the war she should have back Unredeemed Italy, and they were willing to give her immediately a subsidy—not very large—toward paying the cost of putting her army into the field.

Two things prevented her from being lured by Prince Bülow: first, the loyalty of King Victor Emmanuel to the tradition of liberty, and, next, the rising tide of anti-German public opinion among the masses and the intellectual leaders of the country.

At last, on May 24, 1915, her military preparations having been completed, Italy, amid a burst of popular enthusiasm, declared war on Austria.

Why on Austria alone? Because she regarded Austria as the actual provoker of the war. The

ultimate criminal was unquestionably Germany, which had been waiting for many years for a pretext for war. Recently, Germany had instigated Austria to force the issue with Serbia, and at the last moment, when Austria seemed on the point of coming to a peaceful understanding with Russia, the German Emperor had sent to France and to Russia his ultimatums which made peace impossible. Italy had also other reasons for aiming at Austria rather than at Germany—or at both: Austria was her immediate neighbour; Austria held the territory of Unredeemed Italy which was to be delivered from bondage; Austria, as Italy's hereditary enemy and oppressor, kindled the instinctive animosity of the Italians.

Once at war, Italy prosecuted it with all her resources. In the course of a year she had a million men under arms at or near the front. She drilled two million more, but she had not enough arms or munitions or uniforms to equip them. She had to fight over the most difficult terrain in Europe—in the valleys and on the ridges of the Alps which formed the frontier between her and Austria. When that frontier was drawn by Austria, in 1866, it left all the approaches to Italy through the Alpine passes open to Austrian invasion, and this of course made it doubly diffi-

cult for the Italians to advance into the enemy's country.

I do not intend to describe the campaign in detail. Suffice it to say that the Italians succeeded in taking and holding a strip of the mountainous territory, and that on the east they occupied all of the Venetian Plain as far as the Carnic Alps. Their feats of engineering, by which they constructed roads over the mountains, and made tunnels through them; the fortitude with which month after month they clung to crags and peaks and intrenchments amid the snow in perilous positions, sometimes 10,000 feet high; the ingenuity with which they transported heavy guns and all their supplies on wire cables slung from crag to crag far above the valleys; the stern pluck with which they endured unremittent cold, Alpine blizzards, and slowly diminishing rations, are among the marvels of even this war.

We see now that the course which, in a measure, checked all these efforts was that fatal lack of a single military command over all of the Allied armies in the west—a defect which was remedied only in March, 1918, after the first colossal German drive in Picardy had startled the British and French. Then they appointed General Foch and secured a unification of military direction which

will, let us hope, bring a speedy victory. But in 1915, 1916, and 1917, the armies fought without proper coördination. If this handicapped the British and the French, campaigning side by side in France, still more did it harm the Italians, isolated from the Allies on the west both by the whole stretch of Switzerland and by the feeling that they had no direct contact with them. In time it came to seem as if Italy were fighting a war of her own, which only remotely concerned the Great Cause. The despatches gave brief reports of her exploits among the Alps and along the Isonzo, but few persons stopped to consider what these exploits meant.

To the lack of unison inherent in the general Allied plan, was added the suspicion that the French and the English did not sympathize with some of Italy's objects. It was whispered that in coming into the war the Italians had stipulated that, at its close, if the Entente won, Italy should receive certain territory along the eastern shore of the Adriatic. These expectations did not please the French and the English, who had plans of their own for Dalmatia and thought that insistence on the Italian claims would greatly complicate the solution of the Balkan problem. There may have been causes of grievance which I do not know of; but I feel that it was wholly reasonable for Italy

to seek to protect herself from future Teutonic raids by controlling the eastern shore of the Adriatic and its chief ports. The war has shown conclusively that so long as Hun submarines can dart out of those ports and out of the hiding places which abound on that coast, the eastern shore of Italy and all her commerce in the Adriatic will be at the mercy of the Huns.

Leaving these vague rumours out of consideration we cannot but feel that the desire of the Italians to do all that they could *alone* tended to keep them somewhat aloof from their partners. Their motives sprang from a noble source. Italy ranked among the Great Powers by courtesy rather than by actual strength; and so she proudly resolved to prove herself in this ordeal worthy of her assumed state. Accordingly, as long as her raw material lasted, she made her own guns and munitions and provided for all her needs, without begging or borrowing. The meagre despatches that came from her front usually brought good news and led the world to suppose that she was not only holding her own but advancing. Her capture of Gorizia—one of the most glorious displays of valour during the war—made us all believe that she was on the point of driving the Austrians back to Laibach and beyond.

The great calamity of Caporetto, on October 27, 1917, took the world by surprise. Everyone outside of Italy marvelled how it was that this rout should almost overwhelm her so soon after we had received bulletins announcing her brilliant advance. In order to understand the disaster which swept Cadorna's army back from the Isonzo to the Piave and cost him the loss of probably 200,000 men and immense stores and material, we must glance at the internal condition of Italy from the time she entered the war. Many of the symptoms of her disease were common to our own case. There was a considerable peace party made up of business men who did not wish to have their prosperity interrupted by war. There were also pacifists—persons without a country or in many cases, with a secret preference for Germany. The socialists, who in Italy, as well as in other Entente lands and in the United States, were actually under German control, whether they admitted it or not, added many recruits to the Anti-War League. Many Clericals sided with the Teutons as a matter of course, for Austria was the chief Catholic nation in Europe. Since his election the Italians have believed— on what evidence does not appear— that Pope Benedict XV is pro-German. He belonged to one of the old reactionary aristocratic families

of Genoa—nobles who correspond in spirit to the Junkers of Prussia. It was believed in Italy that the Pope had been promised by both the German and the Austrian Kaisers that they would restore his temporal power at the end of the war. The Ultramontane Diet of Bavaria openly announced that this was one of the aims of the war. The failure of the Pope to protest against the atrocities of the Huns, or to rank himself squarely from the beginning on the side of the peoples struggling in behalf of Christian civilization, seemed to justify the assumption of the Italians that he was against the Allies; and the fact that he put forth appeals for peace, precisely at those times when the peace he advocated would mean a complete victory for the Germans, strengthened the suspicion of his pro-German desires.

Needless to say the head of this octopus of treachery and discord was the German propaganda, which used now one tentacle and now another. It went so far as to concoct a fake copy of the *Secolo* newspaper of Milan in which among genuine news it published such lies as that the French had turned against the Italians, had captured Turin, and were besieging Milan; also that the Austrians yearned for peace and wished to fraternize with their Italian brothers. And in fact when the Austrians ad-

vanced on the fatal morning of October 27th, they threw up their hands and shouted "Kamerad!" The Italians laid down their weapons and advanced to meet the Austrians, and then the Germans, who had been screened behind the Austrians, rushed forward, opened fire, and the panic began. For months previous to this priests who served as chaplains, and insidious lay propagandists whispered disloyalty into the ears of the troops. An officer, who was with the army at that time, has told me that the Pope's message created a most depressing effect among them. It turned their thoughts away from the unremitting prosecution of the war to the acceptance of peace—peace on any terms, regardless of consequences.

The gradual diminishing of rations caused a slackening of determination and morale. A soldier requires a modicum of food in order to maintain his resolve at the highest pitch; slow starvation saps valour. You can judge how near the Italian soldiers were to starvation when you know that for awhile before Caporetto some of the troops were reduced to seven dried chestnuts apiece for their morning ration. More even than for themselves they worried over the destitution of their wives and children from whom they had infrequent or no news. The rumour that several officers

proved traitors at the moment of the Hun's camouflaged attack has not yet been fully verified. But there is reason to believe in its truth because a dozen or more of the suspected traitors were shot.

Note that Italy was now waging war against both Germany and Austria. She broke with Germany in 1916. Many outsiders, Americans among others, wondered why she delayed so long, but the reason was obvious and sufficient. As I hinted above, thirty years of "peaceful penetration" had left northern Italy in the hands of Germany. She owned the capital, she managed the industries and commerce. Italy had to wait until she could train men of her own to replace the German experts who directed the mills and factories and other works. When she was sure that this necessary business would go on under her own superintendence, she declared war on Germany also. She had provocation enough, for since 1915 German officers and even German troops had fought in the Austrian armies against her; the airplanes which began to harass her beautiful cities were German; and German were the submarines which glided out of Pola and other ports, and destroyed her shipping.

We ought not to forget that it took courage on the part of Italy to throw down the gauntlet to Germany, because the fate of Belgium and of Po-

land warned her that if the German armies entered her territory they would shrink from no atrocity and no bestiality. If the Huns won the war, Austria would undoubtedly make the Italians pay dearly; but the Germans would, according to their nature, vent their hatred in ways more outrageous than the Austrians. Looking far ahead also, Italy perceived that so much of her trade as depended on German connections would be greatly affected if the quarrel were between her and Germany instead of merely between her and Austria. Nevertheless, when the time was ripe she dared to confront Germany.

Only when Cadorna's army was rolled back to the Piave, did France, England, and the United States realize the situation. When the possibility that Italy might go to pieces stared them in the face, they at last understood how really important, not to say essential, her help had been. They rushed two armies to check her retreat and to give her aid in reforming her shattered corps and in stiffening them for further resistance. Then we saw the havoc which lack of coördination had wrought, and we accepted the assertion that the Italian front should not be regarded as an isolated and detached line but as an integral part of the entire western front, of which it was in fact the right wing.

As we perceived the causes of the mistakes and blunders, we could measure also the determination, resourcefulness, and tenacity of the Italian army during its two years and a half of fighting. The difficulties at home against internal conspirators and pro-German propagandists were revealed, and we were filled with admiration as we beheld, in the retrospect, Italy's plucky and proud resistance in the face of her waning resources. For example, when her coal supply, which she drew from England, was nearly exhausted, she extended the system of electrification, by which her industries in the north were run from power generated by Alpine rivers, as far south as she could. And her hungry people let no murmur of complaint and no whimper of their poignant suffering be heard by the world outside.

When the United States entered the war in April, 1917, the Italians received the news with a frenzy of joy. They felt that American coöperation was both a guarantee of final victory and of immediate relief from acute distress. We had everything—men, money, munitions, fuel, and above all, food. But the spring passed and nothing more than usual reached Italy. Spring turned to midsummer and midsummer to autumn, and still no American succour. Cadorna's army, burrowing

and crawling forward up in the northeast and seeing its food supply dwindle to the ration of those seven dried chestnuts, began to wonder whether the talk about help from America was all an illusion, a cruel falsehood. They began to fear that Italy was abandoned by her allies and by the world. They had done their utmost; they knew that they could not hold out much longer, and they saw no prospect of being rescued. This dark doubt also, sank into their hearts and depressed their morale.

The eyes of our Government being opened, it sent, and has continued to send to Italy, so far as the scanty means of transportation permitted, the supplies of first importance. But no American of fine instincts can fail to acknowledge with regret and humiliation the part which our official neglect played in causing the Italian *débâcle* last autumn. It took that to rouse our officials to comprehend the imperative need to saving Italy, just as it took the German drive at Amiens last March to rouse them to the desperate need of sending our troops to France in all haste and to speed up every preparation, unless we would allow the war to be lost through our delays.

We deplore now not only the actual *débâcle*, with all that it involved, but also the forfeiture of the victory which might have been won if the other

Allies had given the Italians sufficient support. For it now seems indisputable that they were right in urging that the most feasible way to end the war in 1917 was by crushing Austria. At Caporetto, the farthest point of their advance, the Italians were only a few miles from Laibach, and if they had succeeded in reaching that place they could have driven so deep a wedge into the heart of Austria that she would have collapsed. She was very near collapse: how near, is proved by the fact that the Germans took care to transfer their forces from the Russian front to the Austrian. Had Austria crumbled before the Germans came to her rescue, it is difficult to see how the Germans could have gone on fighting alone. The collapse of Austria would have smashed the Middle-Europe dream and have cut off the Bulgarians and the Turks from their German overlord. The loss of this vital possibility must be charged to the lack of a central control and of close coöperation among the Allies.

Such have been the principal ways in which Italy has served the cause of Civilization, and has aided the Allies in the life-and-death struggle with Teutonic Barbarism. Her refusal, before war was declared, to join her partners in the Triple Alliance was her earliest service; and when she published the fact that, nearly a year before,

Germany and Austria had urged her to join them *then* in their war of aggression, she proved that their evil design on the peace of the world had been long premeditated. By not allowing herself to be stampeded into declaring war on Austria until she was fairly well equipped, she saved the cause from beginning its campaign under the burden of a serious defeat; for she could not, in August, 1914, have prevented the Austrians from overrunning northern Italy. This disaster would have put the Italians permanently out of the war, and allowed their enemies to use their troops elsewhere, besides giving them the advantage of a most cheering initial success.

Italy's military contribution was to keep busy a large part of the Austrian army. If the Russians had not been betrayed, this diversion of the Austrian strength might have sufficed to shatter the Hapsburg Empire before the end of 1916. To-day, when all the German forces are pounding the British and French and Americans on the western front, it is the Italian Army along the Brenta and the Piave which prevents the Austrians from going to reinforce the Germans on the west.

The attempt of wily German propagandists, therefore, to disparage Italy has no real basis. The efforts of these reptiles to sow discord by

insinuating that the Americans despise the Italians and set no value on their alliance, have been abortive, as they should be. We Americans understand that Italy, like the United States, was not hurried into the war after a few days of distracted and stormy negotiations, but made her choice deliberately, after counting the danger and the cost. She might have stayed out in ignoble neutrality. Her peril was immensely greater than ours, but she resolved to be true to her past and to cleave to the ideal of Liberty which was the most precious legacy she had inherited from her past. She deserves the gratitude of civilized men to-day, and especially whatever succour her allies can give her. She is sure of the praise and blessing of posterity to-morrow and ever after.

VIII

JOHN HAY'S GOOD DEED IN A NAUGHTY WORLD[1]

THE passion for landgrabbing, which may be considered one of the very real causes of the great war, possessed all the so-called civilized nations during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Through the immense development of industry and transportation, due to the advance in science and in invention, the countries of central and northern Europe especially saw the time approaching when they would need more space; for the increased production swelled their population and they sought to acquire new lands, both for their surplus population and to furnish new markets for their products.

The continent that was the first victim of their cupidity was Africa, where Europeans had settled only on the fringe of the seaboard. So Great Britain, France, Germany, and Portugal allotted among themselves the vast regions in the interior, most of which had never been explored and all of which were peopled by the original black natives.

[1] *Saturday Evening Post*, August 24, 1918.

Italy coveted a strip along the Mediterranean, but circumstances did not permit her to acquire it then. The difficulties of colonization, chief among which was the climate, prevented the rapid settlement of Africa. Then suddenly an event occurred that turned the attention of the land-grabbers to another continent.

In 1894, to the astonishment of the world, the Japanese Army by a brief and decisive campaign defeated the Chinese and held China at its mercy. At that time Japan numbered about forty million inhabitants, while China counted four hundred millions. But the Japanese blow opened the eyes of the world to the fact that China, instead of being powerful in proportion to her numbers, was like a great ship at sea whose rudder and propeller and engine are gone and whose huge bulk leaves her all the more at the mercy of storms. China had long been a rich field for foreign traders; the British had held Canton as their own port and various nations had secured concessions that would be profitable as fast as they were exploited. Now, however, the Europeans would not be satisfied with mere concessions to trade; they must have grants of provinces.

Their scientific prospectors had reported to them the existence of natural resources—coal

deposits, for instance—of incalculable value; and so these foreigners grabbed land not merely with a view to its actual producing capacity but to its promise of future wealth. To control the railway system or the steamboats of that vast empire would give the concessionaires not merely untold millions but also great political power.

At the very end of the nineteenth century, therefore, we find China the Esau among nations. For a mess of pottage she had surrendered her birthright to foreigners. It must be said, of course, that she did this under compulsion; but that she had to submit to this compulsion is one of the most tragic warnings in history. That an empire of four hundred million persons should be unable—through disunity and administrative impotence of very long standing—to defend itself from any assailant ought to teach every nation, large and small, the duty of arming itself adequately to its size.

China was a very different sort of booty from Central Africa for the depredators. She had been semi-civilized for thousands of years; her people were docile and industrious; their products—particularly tea—went all over the world; their mineral resources, including coal, could be tapped without great difficulty. Their foreign exploiters,

therefore, in getting land and concessions to trade really secured the immense bodies of cheap labour whose products would be shipped to Europe and America and sold at a large profit.

This process of exploiting native labour and putting the profits therefrom in the white man's pocket was pleasantly called "bearing the white man's burden." So far as I recall, no slaveholder, even in the darkest days of slavery, ventured to give his occupation any such humane title; but perhaps we moderns show our superiority over the ancients in nothing else more surely than in our skill in hiding our corruption beneath an attractive enamel, and in throwing a veil of sanctimony over our vices.

I need only to remark further that this hypocritical cant about "bearing the white man's burden" was accompanied by the hardening of the white man's heart toward inferior races. There sprang up the odious doctrine that the superior race had the right not only to enslave by industrial exploitation the inferior race, but even to exterminate it. If a tribe of savages dwelt on land beneath which the geologists knew that gold or silver or copper existed, it was perfectly right for the white men who had bought concessions to that land to drive off or kill the tribe.

As was to be expected the Germans reached this doctrine most uncompromisingly, because their religious and ethical preachers existed simply to sanctify the practices of their military and commercial masters. No doubt the other depredators were selfish and unsaintly, but the Anglo-Saxons among them, at least, had learned as colonizers that justice pays better than injustice, and kindness than brutality.

As soon as the foreign powers had carved up China—not to the limit of their greed, for that was insatiable, but to the extent that they then deemed attainable (for in this matter they had to encounter not only the flaccid opposition of the Chinese but their own mutual rivalries)—a very real danger loomed up. If each nation closed its port to all but its own traders the others would be seriously harmed. Quarrels would inevitably break out and the Europeans might soon be fighting among themselves—a situation that would encourage the Chinese Government to rise up and expel them.

At this point John Hay, the American Secretary of State, enters upon the scene. He received many appeals from American investors in China to protect their interests. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Paul Dana, of the New

York *Sun*, states his position early in the transaction:

We are, of course, opposed to dismemberment of that empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify this government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on. At the same time we are keenly alive to the importance of safeguarding our great commercial interests in that empire and our representatives there have orders to watch closely everything that may seem calculated to injure us, and to prevent it by energetic and timely representations. We declined to support the demand of Italy for lodgment there, and at the same time we were not prepared to assure China that we would join her in repelling that demand by armed force. We do not consider our hands tied for future eventualities; but for the present we think our best policy is one of vigilant protection of our commercial interests, without formal alliances with other Powers interested.

In his instructions to Edwin H. Conger, the American Minister to China, Secretary Hay laid down this policy, and through our Ambassador to England, Joseph H. Choate, he circulated it in London. On September 6, 1899, Mr. Choate handed to the British Foreign Minister the famous American circular letter on the "Open Door." In it Mr. Hay said:

The President understands that it is the settled policy and purpose of Great Britain not to use any privilege received from China to exclude any commercial rivals. The United States Government cannot conceal their apprehensions of

the danger of complication arising between the Treaty Powers which may imperil the rights assured to the United States by treaty. The United States hope to retain China as an open market for the world's commerce, to remove dangerous sources of international irritation, and thereby hasten united action by the Powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms, so greatly needed, for strengthening the Imperial Government, and maintaining the integrity of China, in which the United States believe the whole western world is alike concerned.

. This circular concluded by urging Great Britain to declare its adherence to these general principles; to respect the existing treaty ports and vested interests; to allow the Chinese tariff to be maintained and be collected in the respective spheres of influence; and not to discriminate against other foreigners in port and railroad rates.

The British Government having acceded to this, Hay sent the circular letter to the other European Powers, telling them that if he did not receive a negative reply immediately he should assume that they accepted his suggestion and that the acceptance would be "final and definitive."

In their inmost hearts the Great Powers did not wish to renounce their special privileges, but after learning that England had consented they could not decently refuse. Favourable answers having been received from all, Secretary Hay, on March 20, 1900, informed the American diplomatic offi-

cials abroad that his project had been accepted. The Open Door in China became in this wise a recognized fact in international policy. Mr. Wildman, United States consul general at Hong-Kong, wrote of the result at the time:

> The result of the negotiations may be considered a diplomatic triumph for America; as Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and France have been at vast expense of blood and treasure in opening China's door, and the expense of keeping it open is no small figure. The policing of the inland rivers, the maintaining of consuls wherever there is hope of trade, the exploring of possible trade routes, and the support of cruisers to guarantee life and property along the coast, represent an outlay in which the United States does not share, but by this agreement hopes to benefit.

But the real significance of John Hay's victory in the struggle to establish the Open-Door policy was much more than even diplomatic or commercial. It reasserted the doctrine of the Golden Rule, which had had scant regard paid to it for many generations. Still further, the Open-Door policy hinged on preserving the integrity of China. It admitted that weaker and so-called inferior races had rights that the strong and dominant races were bound to respect. It registered a reversal of fashion in diplomatic standards and the supremacy of the moral law.

Hardly had this astonishing consummation been

reached when an explosion occurred and put it to a tragic test.

German insolence was not the only provocation that led some of the Chinese to rise against the Europeans, but it was very enraging. Late in 1897 two German missionaries were murdered in the province of Shan-Tung. This gave the truculent young Kaiser, William II, the pretext he sought. He sent a German fleet to demand redress, and the Chinese Government, shorn of power to defend itself, granted to the Kaiser a ninety-nine years' lease of the very desirable port of Kiao-Chau and of much of the surrounding country. Thus Germany acquired a strong foothold on the Chinese coast and rapidly pushed her "sphere of influence" over the entire province of Shan-Tung. Thus, also, the Chinese learned to know the meaning of what the Germans called "a punitive expedition."

During the two years following China herself became more and more enfeebled. The able and wily old Dowager Empress found herself shoved into the background by the young Emperor, Kwang-su, who had been brought up under European influences and was known as a reformer. His purpose seemed to be to transform China as fast as possible into an imitation of a European

country; he welcomed foreigners to his council, approved of concessions, and so alarmed the conservative Chinese that it was said they feared he would force them to take daily baths and to give up eating with chopsticks.

To prevent this process of Europeanization, which threatened the integrity of the Chinese Empire, there arose several patriotic secret societies. The principal was I-ho-chuan, which means: "The Fists of Righteous Harmony," or fists clenched in righteous harmony to drive out the foreigners. Boxers fight with clenched fists, and so these conspirators were called Boxers by the Europeans. Their methods were often cruel; their spirit was implacable; but they were as truly patriots as were the Yankees who, under Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and their accomplices, conspired to rescue the American Colonies from what they regarded as intolerable oppression.

The Boxers were comparatively few in number, but as their work of extermination began with foreign missionaries it was well advertised, and it naturally exasperated the European Powers, who were disposed to make it an excuse for further exactions and for strengthening their hold on the concessions they had already acquired. No wonder that the Dowager Empress, in a secret

edict to her viceroys on November 21, 1899, said:

> The various Powers cast upon us looks of tigerlike voracity, hustling each other in their endeavours to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories. They think that China, having neither money nor troops, would never venture to go to war with them. They fail to understand that there are certain things that this empire can never consent to, and that if hardly pressed upon we have no alternative but to rely upon the justice of our cause, the knowledge of which in our breasts strengthens our resolves and steels us to present a united front against our aggressors.

During that winter and spring the Boxers continued their attacks and outrages on the foreigners; the Empress seemed secretly to sympathize with them; and the foreign ministers kept up a rain of protests, in spite of which the outrages increased.

Religion and superstition added fuel to the fires of Boxer patriotism. A drought fell on the country during the late spring and easily convinced the peasants that it signified the displeasure of the gods. The following "Sacred edict, issued by the Lord of wealth and happiness," shows how the people felt:

> The Catholic and Protestant religions, being insolent to the gods and destructive of holy things, rendering no obedience to Buddhism and enraging both heaven and earth, the rain-clouds no longer visit us, but 8,000,000 Spirit Soldiers will descend from heaven and sweep the Empire clean of all

foreigners. Then will the gentle showers once more water our lands; and, when the tread of soldiers and the clash of steel are heard, threatening woes to our people, then the Buddha's Patriotic League of Boxers will protect the Empire and bring peace to all.

Hasten, then, to spread this doctrine far and wide; for if you gain one adherent to the faith, your own person will be absolved from all future misfortunes; if you gain five adherents to the faith, your whole family will be absolved from all evils; if you gain ten adherents to the faith, your whole village will be absolved from all calamities. Those who gain no adherents to the cause shall be decapitated; for, until all foreigners have been exterminated, the rain can never visit us.

The bands of Boxers drew nearer and nearer to Peking, the capital city. The foreign ministers requested the Chinese Government to allow the marines from their respective warships to be sent up to guard them, but the negotiations dragged on. Suddenly, on May 27, 1900, the Boxers tore up the railway to Pao-ting Fu, burned the stations, and killed the employees. Without delay the ministers summoned the marines; none too soon, for the next day the other railroad line was destroyed, communication with Tientsin and the ports was cut and the siege began. All the foreigners and some, if not all, of the Chinese converts took refuge in the compound of the British Legation. The marines numbered about 450, and a hundred more men among the legationers completed the

force that defended the foreigners during nearly ten weeks. The Boxers attacked them in vain during the first ten days; after that the army of the Chinese Government tried to overcome them. There were many women and children among the refugees in the British Legation, ministers of eleven nations, persons of fourteen nationalities—in all about a thousand foreigners, besides the two thousand native Christians.

To the outside world nothing was more astonishing than the complete silence that surrounded the besieged legationers. No message was allowed to pass in to them; not a word came out from them. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up and closed over them. Rescuing expeditions from Tientsin and the coast went in vain to relieve them. Week followed week without tidings; the suspense weighed like a nightmare on the world, and the world gradually believed that the legationers had all been massacred.

Meanwhile they were defending themselves with the utmost valour. The women, young and old, and the non-combatants kept up their spirits without flinching, and even the ominous daily decrease of provisions, which meant the sure approach of starvation, did not dismay them. Our minister, General Conger, was an admirable leader; so were

Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister; Sir Robert Hart, the head of the Chinese Customs service; and others. A good many died, and of course the little children suffered most of all. But the resolution of the legationers failed not.

On June fifteenth, Secretary Hay, having a presentiment that great danger was impending, cabled Minister Conger:

> Do you need more force? Communicate with the admiral and report.

To this no answer came. Days passed, and still no answer. Other nations tried to reach their ministers by telegraph, but their messages were lost in impenetrable silence, like pebbles dropped into the fathomless ocean. Not to be baffled Mr. Hay tried another means: He requested Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, of almost absolute power, to forward the following message through the Boxer lines to Conger in the legations:

> July 11. Communicate tidings bearer.

I do not know whether Li Hung Chang made an effort to send this message through or not.

By this time the Chinese Government itself, not merely the Boxers, was conducting the siege of the legations; so that there is no doubt that if he had

wished to do so the mighty viceroy could have communicated with Conger; but no reply came, and the world very generally accepted the rumour that all the persons in the legations had been massacred. Secretary Hay alone remained firm in his belief that they were still alive.

At last, on July twentieth, he received this despatch dated July sixteenth:

For one month we have been besieged in British Legation with shot and shell by Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre.

This despatch came in the cipher of the State Department. Still many persons doubted its genuineness, arguing that if the Chinese had captured the legations they might have found the American code book and used it. To make sure, Secretary Hay resorted to a clever device. On July twenty-first he cabled:

Dispatch received. Authenticity doubted. Answer this, giving your sister's name. Report attitude and position of Chinese Government.

The reply with the name of General Conger's sister came promptly, and proved that the legationers were still alive.

Quick relief was now imperative. And how quick able men can be soon appeared. Mr. Hay,

on receiving Conger's message, immediately conferred with Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, whose office was in the other end of the State Department Building. Mr. Root summoned General Chaffee. They decided on the general character of the expedition; they got the approval of the President, Mr. McKinley. The next morning General Chaffee was flying across the country in the fastest express to San Francisco. When he arrived there a ship was ready to take him across the Pacific. He reached China in time to lead the expeditionary force into Peking.

The first reason for his haste was to deliver the legationers from starvation or slaughter. The next reason was to outspeed the expeditionary force that the German Emperor was sending out under Count Waldersee, who, if he arrived first on the ground, would take command of the forces and have given to the campaign an undesirable German twist.

While General Chaffee was racing to the rescue Secretary Hay did not slacken his diplomatic efforts. He urged Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister at Washington, to persuade Viceroy Li Hung Chang that the ministers should be permitted to communicate freely with their governments; but for more than three weeks the wily Oriental evaded coming to a decision.

On August fourteenth Mr. Hay received the following cablegram from General Conger:

Do not put trust in Li Hung Chang. He is an unscrupulous tool of the cruel Dowager. There can be no adequate negotiation with Peking until the high authors of the great crime have surrendered. Imperial troops firing on us daily. Our losses 60 killed, 120 wounded. We have reached half rations, horse flesh. Have food only for a fortnight. Six children have died. Many others sick.

That same day the relief expedition arrived and saved the legationers.

The Boxer Rising and the siege of the legations interrupted and put in great jeopardy the realization of Secretary Hay's Open-Door policy. Some of the Powers, which had acceded reluctantly, were glad of an excuse to withdraw. Even those that had been favourable now felt that China had been both slippery and ungrateful in return for their benevolence.

Russia and Germany were the most intractable. Russia had counted on absorbing Manchuria. Germany, anxious lest she should not secure booty equal to her imperial pretensions and voracity, was now spurred on by a special grievance. During the upheaval her minister, Von Ketteler, was killed by a Chinese assassin. In accordance with the civilized Prussian ideas, therefore, his death must

be avenged by slaying a large number of Chinese, whether they were guilty or innocent.

In bidding his troops farewell as they sailed under Waldersee for China the Kaiser gave them instructions that surprised the world then, but are now seen to be wholly in keeping with his Hunnish nature. He told his soldiery to behave like Huns, so that no Chinese would dare to look into the face of a German for a thousand years. They hardly needed this exhortation, for they took naturally to murder and outrage, to unspeakable cruelty toward women and little children, to pillage and wanton destruction. Waldersee's expedition seems in the retrospect to have been a rehearsal of the barbaric ferocity that the Germans practised on the Belgians and the French in August, 1914.

The situation was complicated by the fact that though the siege of the legations had been begun by the Boxers the Chinese Government itself was responsible for continuing it during two months. Indeed the Empress Dowager seems secretly to have befriended the Boxers from the start and, as their activity spread, to have instigated them to further violence. Her instigation may often have taken the form of doing nothing to arrest or to prevent them.

The attempted extermination of foreigners hav-

ing now failed, the Chinese Government tried to throw all the odium of it on the Boxers. American diplomacy as directed by Secretary Hay and President McKinley had now two objects: It aimed at preventing the permanent military occupation of various parts of China by the armies of the European Relief Expedition, and at restoring in full vigour the rule of the Open Door. Peace and orderly government were, of course, presupposed. As officially expressed by acting Secretary of State Adee, we wished to "preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed by treaty and international law to friendly Powers, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." [August 29, 1900.]

Secretary Hay sent W. W. Rockhill, one of the ablest of our diplomats, to conduct negotiations, and Earl Li Hung Chang had charge of the Chinese interests. To maintain anything like harmony among the various foreign Powers was a hard task, which would not have been achieved if Mr. Hay had not resolutely insisted on it.

Many months of discussion followed. Among the foreigners two opposing views clashed with each other. One party, which the Germans led, favoured inflicting upon the Chinese a paralyzing

punishment; and under the guise of exacting stern retribution they would have robbed China of more territory and concessions. The other party, of which Hay was the spokesman for the United States, advocated the punishment of the instigators of the attacks on foreigners and on the legations, and of the known perpetrators of crimes and cruelty; but it fought to maintain the policy of the Open Door and to enable China to recover her independence and her status as an administrative entity.

Mr. Rockhill carried out Secretary Hay's instructions with so much discretion and urbanity that in the first weeks of the conference he seemed likely to secure the adoption of the American view with but little dissent; then, however, came Waldersee and the German soldiers, more than ready to obey the Kaiser's parting command to them to behave like *Huns*, and bringing with them the feeling—which had been popular in Europe when they embarked—that only by taking a terrible vengeance on the Chinese could the horrors that foreigners had suffered at their hands be atoned for.

The Germans' bloody orgies were not only frightful to their victims, but also they greatly interfered with the smooth course of negotiations.

Since Hay wished to save China he strove from the first to persuade the great viceroys that they should regard the foreign Powers as being friendly to her, even though he and the Europeans must insist on indemnity and punishment. Hay had brought them to accept this point of view when the Germans broke loose with their atrocities, and the Chinese, not being Germans or understanding the barbaric psychology of the Germans, took this as a very strange way of showing friendliness.

I cannot do better than to quote from a letter written at that time, in order to show how great a menace Waldersee and his Huns were to the successful conclusion of the negotiations.

The extract is from one of Mr. Hay's own letters, dated October 16, 1900. He wrote:

> Everything appeared to be going well until this promenade of Waldersee's to Tao Ping, which I fear will have very unfavourable results upon the rest of China. The great viceroys, to secure whose assistance was our first effort and our success, have been standing by us splendidly for the past four months. How much longer they can hold their turbulent populations quiet in the face of constant incitements to disturbance which Germany and Russia are giving is hard to conjecture. . . .
>
> The success we had in stopping that first preposterous German movement when the whole world seemed likely to join in it, when the entire press of the Continent and a great

many on this side were in favour of it, will always be a source of gratification. . . . The moment we acted the rest of the world paused, and finally came over to our ground; and the German Government, which is generally brutal but seldom silly, recovered its senses, climbed down off its perch, and presented another proposition, which was exactly in line with our position.

Even as Hay was writing this letter, Lord Salisbury, the British Premier, and the German Ambassador to England were signing in London an agreement in which England and Germany agreed to uphold the Open-Door policy in China and pledged themselves not to use the existing abnormal complications as a pretext for obtaining for themselves any territorial advantages in the Chinese dominions.

This agreement puzzled Hay, as well it might. In 1918 there is a touch of humour in the fact that Germany chose England, of all countries, to be her partner. Hay cabled to the American diplomats in all the capitals of Europe to pry open this secret if they could, but they all were baffled. So far as I know neither country has made an official statement as to why they drew together; it has been whispered, however, that their mutual purpose was to check Russian aggression in Manchuria, and that Germany, fearing that the English intended to secure a monopoly of the Yang-tse

Valley trade, thought the best way to prevent this was to bind England by secret agreement.

One more quotation from Mr. Hay's private correspondence must complete my outline of his personal attitude toward the Chinese entanglement during the autumn of 1900. This final extract from a letter from Hay to Henry Adams, his most intimate friend, contains some phrases not likely to be forgotten:

> What a business this has been in China! So far we have got on by being honest and naïf—I do not clearly see where we are to come the delayed cropper. But it will come. At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance: "We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d——d to you"—and not a man in the world kicks.
>
> My heart is heavy about John Bull. Do you twig his attitude to Germany? When the Anglo-German pact came out I took a day or two to find out what it meant. I soon learned from Berlin that it meant a horrible practical joke on England. From London I found out what I had suspected, but what it astounded me, after all, to be assured of: That they did not know! Germany proposed it, they saw no harm in it, and signed. When Japan joined the pact I asked them why. They said: "We don't know, only if there is any fun going on we want to be in." Cassini [Russian Ambassador at Washington] is furious—which may be because he has not been let into the joke. [November 21, 1900.]

What a world of meaning Hay packs into the two sentences, "At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser." To appreciate its full force you must remember that China was then ruled by the Dowager Empress, the wiliest and most unscrupulous monarch in the world, and that her chief minister was the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who in cunning and shamelessness could have given points even to Bismarck. I have told elsewhere how Hay was one of the first to suspect German intrigues in the United States, and how he repelled the Kaiser's reptilian efforts to circumvent the Monroe Doctrine. Here we see that as early as the year 1900 he penetrated the Kaiser's nature as well as his projects. To have understood German hypocrisy at a time when all the world was lauding Germany—and especially the United States, which through our Germanized professors was spreading the poison of German Kultur—will add lustre to John Hay's fame as the years go on.

I need not give in detail the course of the negotiations. Among so many interested parties, holding divergent views, there was inevitably much contention, and the Chinese under the guidance of the

cunning Li Hung Chang seized every means they could to lessen their penalties. At last, on September 7, 1901, a protocol was signed, and ten days later the foreign garrisons withdrew from Peking. China had to pay an indemnity of about $333,000,000 to the Powers in compensation for the loss of their nationals, property, and interruption of trade. Of this amount the United States received nearly $25,000,000.

Owing to the failure of Russia to keep her promise to evacuate Manchuria irritation continued in China after the other Powers had accepted the settlement and gone home. Always anxious lest some infringement of the Open-Door policy might lead to its destruction, Secretary Hay watched the Russian intrigues jealously. For a long time he could not unmask them. He had a fixed distrust of Russian diplomacy, and especially of Muravieff, who was then in the ascendant at St. Petersburg. Russian diplomacy, Hay said, always had a false bottom. Not until October 8, 1903, was a treaty signed in which Russia agreed to the creation of Mukden and Antung as treaty ports.

Here ended Mr. Hay's task for a while. No doubt, as has been remarked, if the United States had possessed a strong navy he would have been

able to finish the business more rapidly and much more to the satisfaction of China and of justice.

Japan, however, had a navy and an army, too, and she could not tolerate the presence of Russia as an overlord in Manchuria, the province that she herself had conquered in 1894 and still coveted. She now sought a reckoning with Russia, and four months later she and Russia were at war.

During the Russo-Japanese War, which filled the last year of John Hay's life, he kept strictly neutral between the two belligerents and followed every move that might injure China. The European Powers generally favoured Russia, if for no better reason than that the Russians were white men while the Japanese were yellow. American neutrality unquestionably strengthened our position with the other Powers and checked any desire any of them may have felt to meddle in the war. At the very outset the German Kaiser suggested "that we take the initiative in calling upon the Powers to use good offices to induce Russia and Japan to respect the neutrality of China outside the sphere of military operations." Mr. Hay, with President Roosevelt's approval, issued such a circular, substituting for the Kaiser's phrase "the administrative entity of China." Within ten days the Powers chiefly in-

terested agreed in substance to the American circular.

By the end of the year the European Powers, alarmed by the unexpected exhaustion of Russia, which was approaching collapse, were eager to bring about a peace, but neither Japan nor Russia was ready. On January 5, 1905, Hay writes in his diary:

Sternburg [German Ambassador at Washington] wires the President that he communicated his views to the Emperor who requested him to telegraph the President:

He is highly gratified to hear that you firmly adhere to the Open Door and uphold the actual integrity of China, which the Emperor believes at present to be gravely menaced. Close observation of events has firmly convinced him that a powerful coalition, headed by France, is under formation, directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The aim of this coalition is to convince the belligerents that peace without compensation to the neutral Powers is impossible. The formation of this coalition, the Emperor firmly believes, can be frustrated by the following move: You should ask all Powers having interest in the Far East, including the minor ones, whether they are prepared to give a pledge not to demand any compensation for themselves in any shape, of territory, or other compensation, in China or elsewhere, for any service rendered to the belligerents in the making of peace or for any other reason. Such a request would force the Powers to show their hands, and any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China would immediately become apparent. Without this pledge the belligerents would find it impossible to obtain advantages without simultaneously provoking selfish aims of the neu-

tral brokers. In the opinion of the Emperor, a grant of a certain portion of territory to both belligerents eventually in the north of China is inevitable. The Open Door within this territory might be maintained by treaty. Germany, of course, would be then first to pledge herself to this policy of disinterestedness.

Sternburg then says he is also impressed with the danger of such demands of neutrals—asks a reply.

President Roosevelt agreed with Mr. Hay "that it would be best to take advantage of the Kaiser's proposition: 1st, to nail the matter with him and, 2d, to ascertain the views of the other Powers."

Accordingly the Secretary sent off the "Self-denying Circular." On January eighteenth England and Italy acceded; on the nineteenth France joined; and on the twentieth Germany expressed official gratification that the United States "have resolved to take steps to maintain the integrity of China and the Open Door, and at our promise not to make territorial acquisition—which corresponds entirely to attitude of German Emperor."

Hay adds in his diary:

What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China.

Subsequently Hay feared that the Kaiser

"still insists upon the fact of the combination of France, England, and Russia to partition China. He says he was asked

to join, but indignantly refused, and that our circular of January thirteenth gave the scheme the *coup de grâce.*"

This was indeed, as Hay remarked, a strange incident which makes one wonder. Perhaps the Kaiser suspected that the three Powers were going to cut up China without giving him a share. Perhaps he wished to snub England and France, with whom he was not then on good terms. Perhaps he was simply carrying out the *rôle* of startler, which he had adopted and was playing to his own amusement at that time. Whatever his motive, it fell in with Hay's rooted policy of safeguarding China.

This was the last time that Hay struck a blow in her behalf. For more than a year his health had been failing; now it broke down and his doctors ordered him to Europe in the hope that rest would help him—but in vain; he came home in June, and died on July 1, 1905.

Some critics will now tell you that his greatest achievement in statesmanship—the saving of China and the policy of the Open Door—has already become dimmed. China exists, to be sure, as an "administrative entity," but in so precarious a state that if the European Powers had not during the past ten years turned their attention with feverish stimulation to European quarrels they

might have dismembered China in spite of John Hay's example. The doctrine of the Open Door also still survives after a fashion, but it no longer seems to be accepted as a cardinal point in international law that concerns China.

They who criticize thus, however, and think that this is all, leave out of the account the most precious factor—the ideal. For, in his dealings with China, John Hay, for the first time in modern statesmanship, applied on a large scale the Golden Rule. Here was a nation of four hundred million people round whom were gathered the representatives of the European nations like so many Shylocks, each with his long-bladed keen knife, intent on cutting the largest slice he could from the stricken and apparently dying giant; and the American spokesman among them persuaded them to stay their hands, to allow China to live and, still more, to live under such conditions that she might regain strength to control herself. The memory of this act shall not pass away, and though statesmen may often fall below that standard the American ideal as realized by Hay will judge them and will incite them to imitation.

The gratitude of the Chinese, which endures after twenty years, completes a noble record. They still point to that example of American

statecraft as a model of generosity, disinterestedness, and justice, and only recently they have erected a monument to John Hay as a thank offering. That this country returned more than half of the indemnity, on finding it was too large, deserves also to be remembered.

Let us Americans hope that in the great diplomatic settlement by which at the end of this war the numberless tangled and ugly racial and political quarrels are to be adjusted, the spokesmen of the United States may worthily imitate their forerunner, John Hay. Only by so doing can they establish the Open Door through which Peace shall enter to bless and rule the world.

IX

CAMPAIGNING FOR DUPES: ARE YOU ONE?[1]

WHEN a swindler goes about his work, he takes it for granted that there is a certain number of persons whom he can dupe. The number may be larger or smaller, but he is certain that it exists, and he sets his traps to catch as many victims as he can. His trap may be simply a gold brick, or a roll of counterfeit banknotes, if he preys on the most gullible; or it may be a seductive broker's circular, if he is gunning for persons who have more dollars than wits; or it may be the prospectus of a quack medicine. It has remained for our time to witness the greatest swindle of all—that of the cunning rulers of a vast empire who, in their desperation, hope to win by deceit the victory which they could not win by war.

Their trick is so novel that although we have been put on our guard, we cannot too often expose it, until we are sure that it has failed. Four years

[1]This appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1918, under the title "A Judas Peace." Copyrighted by the North American Review Publishing Company.

ago, in August, 1914, the German Emperor and his wicked ring of militarists and capitalists plunged the world into a war by which they planned and fully expected to conquer it. They calculated on taking Paris and destroying France in three weeks, and then they intended to turn against Russia, and to shatter her power before the snow fell.

They were wonderful calculators, those Germans, and on paper they could reduce everything to their will, down to the fraction of millimetres or grams; but the minds and souls and consciences of non-Germans they could not penetrate. "Every man imputes himself," said Tennyson, and the Kaiser and his ring imputed to the peoples whom they went forth to blast the base fears, the cringing and the deceit, which they themselves would resort to if they were threatened by an immensely overwhelming enemy. Thanks, however, to the heroic sense of honour and of duty of Albert, the King of the Belgians, thanks, also, to the glorious valour of the handful of Belgian troops who defended Liége and delayed the onrushing German hosts, the Kaiser's boastful scheme of capturing Paris was undone: he did not dine there on August 15th, Napoleon's birthday; he has not dined there since; nor is he likely ever to enter

the French capital again, unless it be as a prisoner. Joffre allowed the invaders to come as near Paris as he needed to carry out his strategy, and then the incomparable Foch drove through their centre, and they reeled back to the Aisne, halfway to the German borders.

If the Germans' reason for going to war had been sincere, they might have stopped after the Marne; because in the forty days' campaign it had been made perfectly evident that France and Russia had had no intention of attacking Germany, and that they would gladly return to peace if the German assailants withdrew to their own country and gave up fighting. The reason alleged by the Germans, however, was a lie; they pretended that they were bent on defending Germany from aggression; the real purpose in their heart was to attain world dominion.

After the battle of the Marne, therefore, seeing themselves baffled in getting world dominion by the direct way, they decided to get it by the indirect way. This consisted in achieving their Middle-Europe project by which, through the aid of their vassals—Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey—they should rule the Balkans, and western Asia from Constantinople to Bagdad. Through bribery and the suborning of treason they destroyed

Russia's armies and instigated the revolution which deposed the Czar, and left Russia disunited and without an orderly government. Germany found ready tools in the Bolshevist leaders, and seized large tracts of Russia which she now included in the Middle-Europe Empire.

The dominion of Middle Europe being thus actually established, and having a population of two hundred million or more inhabitants, Germany sought for peace. She let it be whispered that she would consent to certain restitutions in Belgium, France, and Italy—and why should she not consent? From Middle Europe she could raise an army of twenty million soldiers, and take back whatever she might grant to the Allies for the sake of securing an immediate peace. Let peace once come on her terms and she would be able to smash France and Italy and even to overcome England at her pleasure.

This was the first German peace drive nearly two years ago, and it did not succeed, because the Western Powers saw through its deceit. Ever since then the Germans have attempted to catch the civilized nations by it. Any ruse that would leave Germany in possession of Middle Europe would leave her despot of the world. Owing to her incapacity to understand foreign nations, she

suffered an amazing surprise in April, 1917, when the United States entered the war against her. The Kaiser and his parrots pretended that this was of no importance, that the Americans were merely bluffing, that they had no army, and that even if they raised one the American soldiers were too cowardly to fight.

Woe to the ruler who feeds lies to his people! Some Germans there must have been who, like Belshazzar's courtiers, saw the terrible writing on the wall. Even the most truculent of the Prussians recognized that before the Americans were prepared to come in, in force, Germany, having failed to entice the Allies into a negotiated peace, must crush them on the battlefield. They undertook to carry out this last desperate plan by their drive which began on March 21, 1918, and was followed by several others in which at great cost they drove back both the French and the British armies. Then they were checked. On July 15, Foch delivered a counter-stroke which stunned them and he has rained blow after blow on them ever since, not merely causing them to abandon most of the territory they had conquered since March, but teaching them the habit of retreating, which they learned with the efficiency to be expected of such thorough-going and docile scholars.

The Allied victory—for it is already a real victory, inasmuch as it has proved that the Germans cannot win in battle—has led them to resort again to peace propaganda. Since the time of Frederick the Great, force and mendacity have been the two chosen weapons of Prussia, and in this atrocious war they have gained more by mendacity—which includes bribery, corruption, deceit, and plain lies —than by force.

What is it they hope to achieve by mendacity now? They hope to fool the Allied nations into accepting terms of peace by which not only Prussian militarism, the ascendency of the Junkers, the autocracy of the Hohenzollern, and the ruthlessness of the commercial and industrial ring, typified in Ballin, shall remain undisturbed, but also their Middle Europe Empire shall stand unshaken. How can they expect to accomplish this, you may well ask; how can any Allied ministers or public men be such fools as to fall into this obvious German trap? The answer is clear; there is probably not an Allied Cabinet Minister, in Europe or here, who is fooled, but they are all in bondage to public opinion; and if the public opinion which sways them demands peace on any terms there is danger that they will listen and submit.

So the Germans aim their campaign of mendac-

ity, not against the Cabinet officers, but against the people in the Allied countries. They count on winning over enough men and women to turn the decision in their favour. In short, they reckon that every country has a large number of dupes. Are you one? When their propaganda reaches you in some sly and seductive disguise, are you the sort of person who will be caught by it? Shall you say: "That sounds reasonable and just; why shouldn't it be carried out?"

Apparently the Germans have decided to employ two forms of appeal—the pious and the pathetic. They have already begun to work several varieties of pious appeal, all of which are based on the New Testament and the doctrines of Christ. Months ago clergymen, who were secretly pro-German or pacifist, began to utter in many parts of this country the warning that as Christ bids us to love our neighbours, when the time comes to end the war we must not be harsh or vindictive toward the Germans, but must forgive and forget their crimes and atrocities. Even admitting that the Germans did wrong, they continue, we must take them back into our confidence and esteem; otherwise we should do wrong and two wrongs do not make a right. In the parable of the prodigal son did not

Jesus teach that the sinner must not only be forgiven, but feasted and made much of?

When I have dissented from this application of Christ's parable, I have been asked by ministers whose sincerity was above suspicion: "But must we not distinguish between the crime and the criminal? Can we not love the criminal though we hate his crime?" I have observed in most cases that parsons who endeavour to make this distinction usually minimize the crime and whitewash the criminal. They leave on their congregation the impression that, after all, we must not be too hard on the Germans, they are so much like the rest of us.

Now ministers of Christ, of whatever creed, who talk in this loose way sin against Justice, and Justice is a very holy ideal planted by God in the human soul. Whoever denies or perverts Justice, sins against God.

Of all persons, one would think clergymen should be the last to shake popular respect for the few elemental ideals on which civilization rests—ideals among which Justice is the most essential. For the men who devote their lives especially to cherishing and teaching the sacred things of the spirit ought to know by what long and painful stages each of the ideals came to be recognized and then

revered by men. Nothing could be more wanton or more impious than to cast away on the caprice of a moment the ideal for which the ages have groaned in travail, and thousands—it may be myriads—have sacrificed their lives.

Yet this is what any one does who proposes to leave Justice out of the count. For a half century past mawkish sentimentalists have winced at seeing Justice done; they send flowers to atrocious criminals in prison, or sign petitions to have them pardoned and released. They lay stress on any trifle to extenuate, to palliate, to excuse. Unless the respect for Justice be quickened, morals will vanish from among men, for Justice is the backbone of morals, and without morals civilization dies.

What shall we say, then, for those persons who urge or insidiously suggest that we hold back the hand of Justice when we come to the great day of reckoning with Germany? They would make us abettors of the most awful criminals in history, and they would mask their baseness by quoting from the New Testament the admonition to love our enemies.

Whoever reads Christ's utterances, however, will discover that he never sanctions the surrender of the moral law. In every one of his precepts he assumes that the Divine Justice operates

throughout the universe. Never for a moment does He command you to stand by and see evil done to others; on the contrary, He presupposes that you will and must defend the great principles of God to the death, as He himself did. He was not the spineless, mushy moralist whom the pacifists have tried to palm off upon us. In all the books of religion there are no condemnations so terrible as His.

Listen to Him, if you have any doubt: "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them . . . Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." (*Matthew*, XVII, 2-6.)

How do the apologists of the Germans reconcile this with the slaughter of a million or more little children—defenceless and unoffending, in Belgium, in France, in Poland, in Serbia, in Russia, in Armenia—by Germans or at their instigation? At this hour, many thousands, torn from their parents, are wandering helpless and uncomforted over Europe, or waiting in refuges opened for them by compassionate French and Americans. If we are to believe Christ, each of these little ones is like a millstone hanged about the neck of the Kaiser,

since he it was who commanded or sanctioned these atrocities. He has out-Heroded Herod; for the innocents whom Herod slew numbered only a few hundred, but the Kaiser's victims surpass a million.

What comfort can the scribes and hypocrites of our time draw from the Christ who said to their predecessors: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (*Matthew*, XXIII, 33.) Or was it a mild man who approved the judgment of the master of the unprofitable servant that he should be cast into outer darkness: "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (*Matthew*, XXV, 30.) Jesus never slackened in his condemnation of the scribes—"Which devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation." (*Mark*, XII, 40.) When the wicked husbandmen slew the heir of the vineyard, their employer should come and destroy them (*Mark*, XII, 9)—very different doctrine from the behest to turn the other cheek. Jesus told his disciples that it would be better in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for the city which refused to listen to their teaching (*Matthew*, X, 15). With sternness still more awful, he foretold that the Son of Man shall send forth his angels to gather "all things which offend and them which do in-

iquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." (*Matthew*, XIII, 41-42.)

In vain do those who would rescue the Huns from the Nemesis which is overtaking them appeal to the pacifism of Christ. They wilfully misinterpret, and their misinterpretation is impious. Christ never taught that a man should stand by and see a ruffian attack a woman, or a brute maltreat a child, or that a murderer should be let off. Christ did not hesitate to use a scourge on the money-changers in the Temple. He could never have been the supreme spokesman of the Divine Love if he had not also revered the Divine Justice.

I do not think that the propaganda of pacifists and secret pro-Germans will fool the American people into believing that Christ would condone the unspeakable crimes of the Germans, or that he would approve of forgiving and forgetting at the expense of Divine Justice. The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. Has not Bernhardi brazenly argued: "Christ himself said: 'I am not come to send peace on earth but a sword.' . . . Thus, according to Christianity, we cannot disapprove of war in itself, but must admit it is justified morally and historically."

Let us, therefore, be on our guard against German and pacifist interpretations of the spirit of Christ's teaching. And if we doubt the validity of the Christian code, let us turn to the Pagan, for example. How have we advanced, if our reverence for Justice falls short of the Roman father and judge two thousand years ago, who condemned his own son to death? Let Justice be done though the heavens fall.

We have glanced at the Pious Appeal, let us turn now to the Pathetic Appeal. This is to be concocted for the wives and mothers of American soldiers to swallow. Their heartstrings are to be wrung. "Why," they are to be asked, "should you go on bearing the suspense of having your husbands and sons at the front? Why should you sink in grief as news comes of their death, leaving you to live out a broken-hearted existence? You ought no longer to suffer, because there is no longer reason to continue the war. The Germans are ready to stop. They offer to restore Belgium, they will give back Alsace-Lorraine to France, they will satisfy Italy. Why then prolong the bloodshed, the agony, the horrors? The Germans themselves deplore this. If the Allies persist, will not the guilt fall on them? If America keeps on,

does it not confirm the German charge that it is you and the Allies, not they, who are filled with the lust of war, and the desire for conquest?"

In some such form as this, women of America, the Germans will frame their serpent argument for you, and they think so meanly of your intelligence and of your spirit that they expect to make you their accomplices. How little they know you! They suppose that your courage has been worn down under the strain of absence and the shock of bereavement. Their psychologists have told them that you are volatile, nervous, fond of luxury and comfort, and unable to endure hardship; therefore, they expect that you will be their easy dupes, and echo their desperate cry for peace.

What have you done to justify any one in imputing to you such baseness? From the day we entered the war until now, who has heard you murmur or complain? If you have shed tears, nobody has seen them. I have known many mothers who have been as eager as their sons to have them go, and many wives who would have cut out their tongues rather than have urged their husbands to hold back. No! The patriotic resolution of American women has already had immense influence. Our troops in the field feel that influence supporting them, and it will never flag. Dur-

ing our Civil War, fifty years ago, it was the women, North and South, who held out steadfastly to the end. It was not women, but men—Copperheads, Knights of the Golden Circle, and mongrels of all sorts who traitorously tried to stop the war; just as in these days it has been men, who in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States have attempted, by their reptilian votes, to paralyze the arm of President Wilson and further the interests of the Kaiser.

As the needs have grown during the struggle, British women, without parade or self-glorification, have sprung forward to fill the occupations left vacant by the men gone to the front. How magnificent have been the women of France, without whose service the harvests which were to feed the French armies could never have been reaped! Oh, the indomitable, patient, devoted, faithful women of France, worthy kindred of the immortal Joan! Let us never doubt that, if the call comes, the American women will match the heroism and fortitude of their sisters overseas. The expert psychologists, on whom the Kaiser and his staff depend when they weave their plots against the honour and life of foreign peoples, are as imbecile as were the astrologers whom superstitious despots attached to their courts and consulted four hundred

years ago. By what trick of irony has Fate, which allowed Germany to make her way in peace by means of her pedants, brought it about that her pedants should work her undoing?

The women of the Allied countries will be the less likely to be inveigled into any hysterical movement for premature peace, when they remember the unwomanly, nay, the inhuman, conduct of the German women. Friends of mine spent a week at Évian-les-Bains, the French town on Lake Geneva, to which long trains of *repatriés* come twice a day with their carloads of human wrecks, who have passed through the Inferno of German prisons and detention—through starvation, abuse, and persecution. Many of them are far gone in consumption; all of them are so emaciated and spent that they can be of no further use in the war, if ever again on earth. The Germans send them, not out of compassion, but in order to save the bare pittance of food, by which they have carried out their Satanic policy of slow starvation; they send them also as a warning to the French people and soldiers of the terrors which await them if they are captured by the Germans, or if Germany wins. The German psychologists, however, fail again, for the French, instead of being terrorized at the sight of these

victims of Teutonic cruelty, are simply stirred to redouble their efforts to wipe out the Hun.

My Red Cross friends attended the coming of each train at Évian, and did what they could to comfort the victims. They took special pains to hear the stories of the women, whom they questioned separately so as to get the experiences of each before she had concerted with the others a uniform story. Every French woman reported that when they came to a station in Germany, and had to get out of the train, they found the platform crowded with German women, who spat in their faces and beat them with their fists, and cursed them, and otherwise maltreated them. My friends noticed that the little French children, on landing on the platform at Évian, all instinctively held their little arms in front of their faces; they, too, had been pounded and spat upon by the German women. When a race of women practises such abominable cowardice on defenceless little children, what wonder that their husbands and sons in the German army commit atrocities and gloat over them.

The women of America will not be duped by the German drive for a Judas peace, because they are intelligent, and because, also, their hearts cannot be deceived. How could a mother who

has lost a son, or a wife who has lost a husband in the war, consent to a scheme which would render such losses vain? A year or two ago many Americans were asking: "Why should we go into the war?" Everybody knows why now. From the moment when our first units of strong, clean, chivalrous, honour-loving American soldiers reached the front, saw the ruin and devastation, saw the barbaric methods of the Hun fighters, they understood the reason. I have read letters from more than one of these young fellows, who had only a hazy idea of what the war was about when they left home, but who on witnessing the horrors said: "We must put this thing down forever, and we will fight until it is put down, if it takes a long lifetime." I have heard a Canadian Cabinet member say: "It may require three years or five or more, but what is any brief length of time compared with all the future? Although our whole generation has to be sacrificed, we must save posterity from the Prussian terror." And in quite the same vein, a restrained, quiet, and very earnest French professor said to me: "Do not suppose that France will let up until we have swept away the possibility that this awful war will have to be fought over again by our children." It is estimated that three million

civilized men have already laid down their lives in France in order to defeat the Hun, to liberate mankind from the incubus of Prussian militarism, and to make the world safe for Democracy. They died willingly, bravely, but every one of them would rise in his grave if he knew that the great object for which he gave his life was to be wrecked by cunning and mendacious diplomats. Over the grave of a British soldier in France is carved this epitaph, which is all the more poignant because it is so simple:

> When you go home, tell them of us and say:
> "For your to-morrow they gave their to-day."

Woe unto us, if we lose through dullness or negligence the to-morrow which these millions of brave men sacrificed their lives to secure for us.

They believed that their cause would triumph, because they believed that Justice abides in the heart of the world. Let us not confuse Justice with Vengeance. Very few of the men, living or dead, who have fought to save civilization have been vindictive. Very few have cried out for revenge. It seems as if all were aware that a greater than Man would punish. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord.

But each of the dead would be amazed to hear

any one assert that the wicked must not have justice meted out to them. Some of the evil propagandists have so lost contact with morality that they appear to argue that when a criminal's iniquities surpass all bounds, we must not think of condemning him, much less of punishing him, but that we must forgive him and take him back into our friendship. If a private individual should torment and slay a little child, or outrage a woman, or murder an old man, Justice would most properly seize and punish him. How can it be, therefore, that we should absolve the Kaiser, who, through his agents, has committed these crimes a million fold. Only the other day (August 30) the Cologne *Volks Zeitung*, one of the chief organs of German Kultur, said of the German practice of Frightfulness: "Much as we detest it as human beings and as Christians, *yet we exult in it as Germans.*"

This war can never end in a just peace until the German shall be forced to pay for everything which can be paid for. He has sunk fourteen million tons of the world's shipping, and he exults in this enormous crime; but Justice will not be placated until he has paid back ton for ton. He has ravaged thousands of square miles of French and Belgian, Polish and Serbian territory; he has laid Armenia

waste, he has damaged Italy. So far as material devastation and losses can be paid for and restored, he shall pay for them. The great spiritual calamities which he has brought upon the world, the doctrines of inhumanity and mendacity which he has shed over it like a poisonous gas, the innumerable bereavements, the blighting and shattering of millions of families, the heartaches and sufferings of the myriads who survive to lead crippled lives, these concerns of the spirit cannot be compensated in money. These things we leave to the vengeance of God.

Pacifists, and all those who would shield Germany from the penalty of her crimes, protest that it will take fifty years for her to make retribution. Well, what of it, be it fifty years or five hundred? Destiny waited three hundred and thirty years from the landing of the first slave in Baltimore to the emancipation of the last slave in the United States. During entire centuries men thought that the crime had been forgotten, and then the Divine Wrath, after a tremendous war, collected the bill.

Forgetful is green earth; the Gods alone
  Remember everlastingly; they strike
  Remorselessly, and ever like for like
By their great memories the Gods are known.

The German people went into the Atrocious War not only willingly but eagerly. For thirty years they had been taught to look forward to it, as the means whereby they should increase their wealth and power. Their Prussian rulers had always conducted war as a major form of piracy, and the Germans had come to regard it as a legitimate means to gain. This time the lure held up before them was World Dominion, and when the Allies dashed their hope of a swift victory, Helfferich, the German Minister of Finance, exhorted them to hold on, because, he assured them, the Allies would be beaten and be forced to pay such vast indemnities, that every German man, woman, and child and his descendants would be rich forever. And now, when the German military chance of conquering the world and appropriating its wealth has vanished, we are asked to forgive the German nation which, for the sake of its selfish greed, heartlessly brought havoc and destruction upon the earth. It may not be: for the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. Germany did not take care that the wrongs she planned should be limited in time or extent; she deliberately intended to make the rest of mankind her vassals forever. Half a century seems a very brief period in which to expiate her unspeakable guilt.

Six months ago, we still heard, even from persons in high places, that the German army could never be beaten, and that therefore the Allies must have resort to a negotiated peace. This opinion, however, was based on a misconception of where the vital point of the struggle lay. As the Germans seized province after province, state after state, and especially as they dissolved Russia by their corruption, and annexed the huge fragments which composed it, our doubters lost heart, and talked of peace.

But from the beginning of the war the vital spot has been the western front; for in war the object is to destroy the enemy's army, not to take his territory. If you destroy his army, you can take whatever territory you choose. The case is not unlike that of an octopus which clutches spoils in its tentacles. You may find it hard to cut each off, but if you pierce the heart of the monster, all the tentacles will relax and the spoils will drop from them. This is what will happen when the Allied armies destroy the great German army on the west. Belgium, France, the Ukraine, and all Middle Europe will slip out of the Teutonic control, and the Hun menace to civilization will be laid.

As I write this, the German army has already

been driven back, and unless some incredible disaster to the Allies should supervene, the Teutons are inevitably beaten in the field. That the German despots understand this is proved by their frantic efforts to secure peace by chicane. Only by listening to their guile, and by being duped into accepting a *part* to-day, when they could have *the whole* to-morrow, could the Allies lose the certain victory which awaits them.

We must not slacken our preparation; we must push on with larger and larger forces, and never allow the wily Huns to imagine that we are war-weary or downhearted or willing to compromise. During the latter part of the year 1864, also, there were doubters, cowards, and friends of the enemy, who still beset President Lincoln with declarations that the Civil War was a failure and that he must make peace. But he knew better. He saw that the end was near, and he hastened to attain it. No man hated war more than he did, no man's heart bore a heavier burden of grief than his did; but he would not betray his country and the world in order to silence the clamours of sentimentalists or of the shallow-brained.

Of all great national rulers, none has surpassed Lincoln in a sense of justice. The words which he spoke to our fathers in their crisis were so just

that they apply equally to us in our crisis, and we can conceive of no similar ordeal in which they will not be most pertinent. Therefore, I quote Lincoln's immortal passage:

> Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In conclusion, let me commend the serious reading of this passage to those who have been appealing to Lincoln's phrase: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," in their endeavour to incline the heart of the American nation to a peace framed in the interests of the Hun, and those who are urging us to make the way of the German transgressors easy. I do not believe that the United States and the civilized world can be duped to their destruction.

X

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS[1]

I

THOSE who are not with us are against us. Never before in human history has the choice of Man and Nation been as sharply defined as it is to-day. The future of mankind depends upon this choice. There have been earlier crises out of which human fate proceeded in new directions; but the contestants in those conflicts understood only obscurely, if at all, the ultimate stakes for which they were fighting. We can plead no such ignorance. We know the issue, and whither it leads.

Those who are not with us are against us. On which side do *we* stand? As Americans, we assume that we stand for Civilization. That is our inheritance. What do we mean by Civilization? Surely not mere comforts, astonishing improve-

[1] "Out of Their Own Mouths, Utterances of German Rulers, Statesmen, Savants, Publicists, Journalists, Poets, Business Men, Party Leaders, and Soldiers." Edited by Professor Munroe Smith, of Columbia University. Preface by W. R. Thayer. Republished by permission of D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1917.

ments in invention, or even the great discoveries of science which affect only the body and not the soul of man. We mean the recognition of Justice, a keener sensitiveness to Mercy, an undying devotion to Liberty, a quickened conscience which makes us shrink from doing unto any one that which we should not wish him to do to us. These are the ideals of Civilization and this is the spirit in which alone it can flourish. Erudition, though its books were piled higher than the Tower of Babel, does not constitute it; nor does ability to make great cannon, or chemicals, or military engines; much less is the proof of Civilization to be found in the power to convert millions of men into mere machines, unfree, shorn of humanizing emotions, abjectly obedient to the will, however wicked, of the despot who owns them.

If at the beginning of the Atrocious War, Civilization and Barbarism had stood embodied in forms revealing the very nature of each, there can be no doubt as to which we would have chosen. But the majority of mankind lack imagination—that quality which penetrates to the heart and essence; the majority live only on the surface, a life of two dimensions, without depth. And in this case many influences worked deliberately to blur or hide the nature of the antagonists. The

Prussian agents over here and our native apologists for Prussia were greatly helped by the fact that, as a people, we are not cruel and that we do not lie. The average American had never dreamed that creatures wearing the shape of men could conceive, much less commit, such horrors and bestialities as were devised in cold blood by the German General Staff. So our people heard with mingled shock and incredulity the first accounts of Hunnish atrocities. It took a long time and repeated abominations before we came to believe the truth.

Meanwhile the German propagandists increased doubt here by brazenly declaring that the stories of atrocities were concocted by their enemies; and when this impudence began to fail them they proclaimed that, "After all, war is war"; and they ransacked history for instances of cruelty perpetrated by other races, including ourselves, in earlier times. In mendacity, too, they found us as easy to deceive as children are by a juggler's tricks.

Little by little, however, the evidence that the German policy of atrocity was premeditated became too strong to be refuted even by their sly disavowals. We were forced to realize that the slaying of innocent civilians, the ravishing of women,

the burning of towns, the bombarding of libraries and cathedrals, the wholesale massacres, the starving, enslaving, and exile of entire populations were not due to such outbursts of bloody passions as sometimes blacken warfare in civilized countries but were deliberately ordered and carried out with all the boasted thoroughness of the German General Staff. And as this awful revelation of fiendishness broke upon us, we began to perceive that it was only a part, the necessary product, of a system for conquering the world and reducing it to slavish submission of the House of Hohenzollern.

II

The book which follows[1] gives the best possible statement of the principles by which Prussian monarchs and ministers were governed, of the World Empire which they hoped to establish, and of the means by which they expected to destroy Civilization and to set up in its place the Dominion of the Hun. Observe that these statements do not come from me or from any other partisan of Civilization, but from the Germans themselves. Truth is revealed not only in wine, but in those expressions

[1] "Out of Their Own Mouths," utterances of German rulers, statesmen, savants, publicists, journalists, poets, business men, party leaders and soldiers. Compiled and edited by Professor Monroe Smith of Columbia University. Introduction by W. R. Thayer. D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1917.

which we make unconsciously in grief, in anger, in exultation. So when you find, in the passages which follow, the writer exulting over a policy which seems to you to be damnable, you can be sure that he is wearing no mask. The same is true when he lays before you, and gloats over it, a scheme of perfidy; or when he exposes, quite naïvely, his unbounded self-conceit and the vast proportions of the national swelled head, for which not merely Germany but Europe was too small, and only the world could suffice.

Considering the mass of testimony which had been accumulating during the twenty-five years between the accession of William II and his launching of war in 1914; considering also how openly the Germans talked of their "Destiny," their superiority, their fitness to rule the world, it is surprising how blind other nations and we were. We wrapped ourselves in incredulity. We took complacent ease in the thought that the day of Napoleon and Cæsar had passed; that the world was too civilized to indulge in great wars of conquest; that commerce and banking and Socialist interactions, not to mention the unprecedented growth in humane standards, had created an interdependence which would make war not merely improbable but unthinkable. We saw, indeed, that William II was neither a Napoleon nor a Cæsar; but

we did not sufficiently allow for the effect of the inordinate ambition and monstrous vanity of even a neurotic monarch working upon a people like the German. The size of the fetish never measures the strength of the tribe that worships it.

The war for World Power was no sudden conception; but only after the victories of Prussia fifty years ago did it become the definite aim of the military Junker ring. Having beaten Austria, Prussia dominated the German States, whether they would or not; and by defeating France, she united Germany as an Empire in which she was dominant. During the next twenty years, Bismarck, the real ruler of Germany, dismissed the propagandists of Pan-Germanism as half-baked theorists. He declared that Germany was "a satisfied nation." He planned to keep Germany at the head of Europe but not to destroy France, England, or Italy, nor to cripple Russia. He took little interest in colonies, nor does he seem to have been humbugged by the plea that Germany must go to war in order to win a place in the sun. He knew that Germans had migrated to all parts of the earth, and that in each place they were prospering by their thrift and industry.

William II became Kaiser on June 15, 1888, and he soon let the world know that he regarded himself as a bigger man than old Bismarck. Having

dropped Bismarck, he chose as advisers mediocre men—bureaucrats, militarists, Junkers, who, with captains of industry, shaped the policy of the country and completed the Prussianization of the non-Prussian Germans. Spurred on one side by an unscrupulous and a merciless Militarist caste and on the other by an equally unscrupulous and merciless Capitalist class—there have been no modern money-hunters like the Germans—German international policy took the road desired by the Army and by the capitalists. Both classes flattered the Kaiser into supposing that he originated their policies, and that these were essential to the welfare of Germany—an easy task, for he was a megalomaniac of colossal proportions.

About 1895 the dream of World Dominion solidified into something more than a dream. Officials of the Army, Navy, and State Departments began to formulate the steps required to attain it. France and Russia—the competing land Powers—could easily be smashed; but England, whose empire stretched round the earth, could be reached and overcome only on the sea. So Germany started to build a great navy, and the naval officers at their mess drank regularly their toast "*Auf den Tag*" ("To the Day")—the day when they should be strong enough to meet the hated English, but

for whom the Germans pleasantly assumed they would already be supreme. Now Pan-Germanists, official and unofficial, raised their pæan to the superiority of the Germanic race. Historians expounded the manifest destiny reserved for them. Parsons bade them heed the word of God and slay the degenerate peoples. A mad philosopher glorified the Superman—a creature whom they at once assumed was German. Men of science found a warrant in biology for the destruction of the weak by the strong. The Kaiser himself spoke freely of his partnership with "*der alte Gott*"—a connection which of course sealed with sanctity the imperial utterances and designs.

Everything being ready, and the enemies of Germany being reported by the Kaiser's spies as too unprepared to fight, the Prussian military ring forced the war.

III

When you read the testimony which follows, therefore, you will understand that the war was the culmination of plans extending over a quarter of a century; more than that, that it sprang from the Prussian nature, which had proclaimed for a hundred years that war is the normal state of nations. You will see that the horrors, the hideous

cruelties, the diabolical devastation, were not exceptional crimes, but carefully worked out parts of the Prussian military system in action.

There is a beast in every man. Prussian war experts long ago made it their duty to unchain this beast and to give it free play during war. They discovered how to excite its fury, and how to train that fury so that it should be damnably efficient. How well they have succeeded Belgium can tell, and Serbia and Poland and Armenia, whose two million and a half of dead were victims of massacre arranged by Prussians and carried out by Turks. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, and of hundreds of other merchant ships—not enemy ships only but also neutral ships; the execution of Edith Cavell and of Captain Fryatt, the slaughter of hostages, the outrages on women and girls of all ages, the deportations, the starving of foreign civilians in prison pens, the sinking of hospital ships, the poisoning of wells, the shooting of Red Cross ambulance drivers and nurses—these are all deliberate manifestations of the Satanic system of Cruelty which the Prussians long ago adopted as the guiding principle of their war-making.

Cruelty has been an attribute of the Germans since earliest times. The Goths and Vandals and their kindred barbarians practised it as a matter

of course. The Huns—the spiritual ancestors of the Prussians—raised it to such a bad eminence that for fourteen centuries they stood unchallenged as foremost in cruelty.

The second pillar of the Prussian system is Mendacity. Frederick the Great gloried in his use of it; what he wrote about it might form a Manual of Treachery. Bismarck was an expert in it. What can be expected of a nation whose national heroes are Frederick, who held no oath sacred, and Bismarck, who doctored the Ems dispatch? Mendacity, as practised by the Prussians, includes hypocrisy, downright lies, treachery, and the debasing spy system which has been employed since 1914 to undermine the United States. Deceit belongs properly to the savage, and we need not wonder, therefore, that it has been made a specialty by the modern Barbarians. President Wilson, whose opportunities for knowing details have, of course, surpassed those of any other American individual, has carefully distinguished between the German people and the German Imperial Government. With that clue we can, in all this terrible affair, assign responsibility for the wicked plans and their carrying out.

What I may call official German collective mendacity has reached its climax since 1896, when the

Germans began secretly to plant colonies abroad; taking care that the new immigrants should go to strengthen German influence in chosen countries, and that the earlier settlers should be won back by blandishments and bribes of allegiance to German Imperialism. This was Prince Bülow's way of "redeeming" German emigrants. No American, with our experience of the past three years before him, needs to be told the abominable methods employed or the results achieved.

Cruelty and Mendacity! These two words sum up military Prussianism. Humanity means the victory of human qualities and ideals over those of the beast. Prussianism, in exalting Cruelty, denies Humanity and voluntarily accepts the standards of the Beast. So Prussianism is an outlaw from Humanity. In like fashion, by practising and glorifying Mendacity, Prussianism denies the primal trust of man in man, of tribe in tribe, which is the cornerstone of Civilization. Prussianism flouts the sanctity of treaties, and laughs at all other obligations which might check or hamper it; and thereby it denies international faith, and makes itself an outlaw from Civilization.

You who read this confession of such ideals, you who remember how ruthlessly they have been put into practice, cannot plead ignorance in making

your decisions between Civilization and Prussianism. You are American; can you picture Washington or Lincoln as supporting any of these devilish doctrines? You are American, and in the light of what the Teutons have done and still hope to do, you cannot doubt that if they got a foothold here they would shoot down you and your friends as hostages, destroy your home and your town, outrage your wife and daughters, devastate the country, and try to terrorize it into submission. They would have no more respect for Americans than they have had for Belgians or for French. Like the wolves and the hyenas, they do these things because it is their nature to do them. Do not allow any specious argument to lure you to the side of the wolf and the hyena.

Those who are not with us are against us.

XI

FRANCE: 1916[1]

HOW many times, Immortal France,
Though men suppose you dead,
You lift above black circumstance
Your haloed head.

Never more reverend than now,
When challenged at Verdun,
Month after month, with dauntless brow
You face the Hun.

You smote him first on Chalons hill
And Catelaunia's plain
Ages ago, and still—and still—
He ramps again.

But yet again your sword shall smite,
And Attila shall fall:
You save not France alone; you fight
For us, for all!

[1]From the volume "For France," issued for the benefit of French War Sufferers. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1917.

The doom impending two-score years,
Burst on you unprepared:
Startled, but stript of doubts and fears
You greatly dared.

For swift! as if by miracle
You stood a chastened soul,
Purged in desire, staunch in will,
United, whole!

And all your children from all parts
Rallied around your feet,
Till forty million Gallic hearts
As one heart beat.

And then—th' Eternal Vision came
Transfigured to your eye—
The single duty, godlike aim—
To win or die.

All you had been and all your dead
Rose up to war for you:
Each of the laureled spectres said:
"Mother! be true! "

You heard—and chose! An inner peace
Irradiates your land;
Stilled are the doubts; the discords cease;
You understand.

Scorning the menaced doom, and chance,
The utmost odds you brave;
Better that there should be no France,
Than France a slave.

You fight for us! Thank God! that we
Now battle by your side!
Your sires once fought to make us free,
And for us died.

Heroic France! I thank and bless!
The record you have set
Among the stars Time shall not stress
Nor man forget!

You mingle human and divine
To save an age undone;
Marne and Verdun shall deathless shine
With Marathon.

Through you the future is redeemed,—
Through you, unworldly grown,
As if in all your children beamed
The soul of Joan.

XII

LET FOCH DECIDE![1]

Let Foch decide!
Let him say: "No,
Never surrender to a beaten foe
The safety of the world, for which have died
Millions of honest men.
Beware the whimper of the vanquish'd Hun,
Beware the whining of the homicide—
William the Liar, who brags, and slays, and then
With ratlike squealing seeks his hole again!
Trust not the hazard of a juggler's pen
To keep what we have won! "

In Foch confide!
The silent, strong, enduring, dauntless man—
First in a hundred fights, trust him who never ran,
But thrice—at Nancy, Marne, and Ypres—smote
The Teuton legions and abased their pride.
Woe unto those who at this fatal time
Would compromise with crime,

[1] Boston *Herald*, October 14, 1918.

And bandy cunning with the shameless Hun!
He stands on ruin's brink;
Our victory is near: not ink,
But blood, but valour and unshaken will
Should be our weapons and our skill.

In Foch we trust!
He writes no letters and his speech is brief;
He scorns the subterfuge of dust
Thrown into statesmen's eyes;
He will not compromise!
He saw far off the goal,
And with undaunted soul
Wins it, unboasting, as becomes a Chief!
Be every reptile message of the Boche
Referred henceforth to Foch!

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Oct. 13, 1918.

XIII

PRUSSIA'S PEWTER NAPOLEON, PEWTER THE GREAT—A STUDY IN ALLOYS[1]

A LITTLE while ago, our part of the world was amused to learn that a prize trophy given by the German Emperor to the winner of a yacht race before the war, and supposed to be worth five thousand dollars—surely a very modest sum for a monarch of his munificence—was sold and melted down as a contribution to the Red Cross Fund. Instead of being of precious metal as was supposed it turned out to be of pewter, plated, and worth only forty dollars. Doubtless many other of the grandiose benefactions which the Kaiser lavished on an unwilling world were also fakes. His statue of Frederick the Great, for instance, which he insisted upon dumping on the United States—an act at which John Hay, who was then our Secretary of State, groaned—may not be bronze at all, and the semi-barbaric facsimiles of the mediæval art works which he presented to the Germanic Museum at Harvard might, if examined, be worth only four

[1]Boston *Evening Transcript*, October 19, 1918.

hundred dollars instead of the advertised fifty thousand.

But I am not concerned with these cheap and vulgar evidences of imperial meanness. I cite them only as indications of the Kaiser's false and braggart nature. The man who stoops to make a counterfeit gift will not stop there. William II, who has always thought Americans very gullible, hoped to fool the American yachtsmen into admiring him for his $5,000 trophy. Now they and the world laugh at him as a pewter monarch.

Observers of Almightiest Hohenzollern character must have suspected for years past that there was a great deal of pewter in so boastful a person. Boasters and bullies don't ring true; there is too much pewter in them to ring at all. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the German Kaiser is, after all, only a pewter Napoleon. As a youth, he had the ambition to surpass Napoleon the Great, both as a general and as the founder of a world empire. Ever since he came to the throne thirty years ago he has boasted of "my army," "my soldiers," "my invincibility," when in truth he inherited the army from Von Moltke and other men of real military knowledge and achievement. Every year he held grand manœuvres, which were so planned that they culmi-

nated in a tremendous cavalry charge, led by the Kaiser, who of course easily crushed his imaginary opponents. But the military system of Germany was carefully worked out by the General Staff, who saw to every detail and shaped every policy. He has no more right to the credit of having produced the German army than the president of a steamship company would have to claim that he invented the machinery that ran his ships.

Now the real Napoleon, the sort of man whom his pewter Prussian mimic would like the world to take him for, rose from the ranks, learned how to control and lead men himself, invented new forms of strategy, elaborated a military system, and was himself the master to whom the members of his staff had to go to school. It is very different, being born a monarch with a multitude of obsequious lackeys dressed out as cabinet ministers, courtiers, professors, parsons, malefactors of great wealth and other sycophants, having from the State all the money you can spend, as well as a large army for a plaything, from being born a poor and unbefriended Corsican boy, and making your way to the top during the most tremendous of revolutions, against endless difficulties and voracious ambitions. What Napoleon achieved, he did himself. Circumstances favoured him, if you will, but the sign

of the great man is to know when circumstances are favourable, and to make them seem to do his bidding.

In fairness, we admit that such an origin and bringing up as William II had would be detrimental to the development of any great man, above all to a great commander. Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon in their youth were not warped by the pedantries, barbaric traditions, insufferable adulations and incentives to megalomania which fed the young vulture in the Hohenzollern nest. At the age when the adolescent William was playing the Kriegspiel, and dreaming of being another and greater Napoleon, the real Napoleon was leading a desperate charge over the bridge of Lodi, risking his own life and the fortunes of his country at Arcola, and smashing the bespangled marshals of Austria wherever he met them.

Neither then in his third decade nor at any time since, so far as the records show, has the pewter Napoleon of Prussia come within range of bullet or shell. For fifty months Europe has witnessed the most appalling war in all her history, and during every month over a hundred thousand soldiers have been killed in this war, but William the Pewter has remained unscathed. This is a cynical world, or it would not ask why he has escaped.

How could it come about that a monarch who, from boyhood up, had bellowed praises of war; who had created a synod of biologists and Lutheran pastors and atheists to prove that war was the natural state of man, and the only condition worthy of high men and low men alike; by what evil fate has it happened that this monarch has been unable during fifty months to get into the most multitudinous of all wars, one which, moreover, he himself caused and pretends to have directed? Every day, during all this time, hundreds of tons of munitions have been fired at his armies, but not a single bullet, not the smallest splinter of shrapnel has come near him. Was ever a man so cheated in his fondest desire? Every day has witnessed a thousand heroisms, and he, who should be, potentially, the most radiant German hero of them all has been unable to reach the terrain where battle-heroes find immortality.

With a feeling of chagrin the world concludes that the pewter in him has made the bumptious Kaiser a coward, and the world, though cynical, is really fair. It says to the Shade of Napoleon the Great: "Being Napoleon, you naturally risked your life on fifty battlefields," and to William II it says: "Being pewter, you have diligently kept out of harm's way, ever since as a little

boy you toddled up and down Unter den Linden with your bodyguard of nurses and lackeys. During the war, we hear of your rushing from the French front to the Baltic in your limousine, surrounded by other camouflaged automobiles, with your motor kitchen, your sleeping cabinet, your truck of fine wines, and all the paraphernalia which a monarch kept in cotton should have. The newspapers give us snapshots of you preparing for your triumphal entry into the foreign capitals which you have temporarily taken. We see you in your innumerable uniforms—these alone must require four or five extra camions and a squad of chamberlains—reviewing troops in Sofia or Warsaw or wherever you run across them, and a photographer is at hand. How many imperial kisses you have bestowed on the Sultan, or the Czar of Bulgaria (Ferdinand, father of all the Shylocks), on the old Emperor of Austria and on the new! What an eye you have for spectacular effects—provided that the kodakers are near!"

If you think the world cynical, I reply: "You are mistaken. The world simply judges men by their positions and professions. As it expects a parson to lead a moral life, so it expects a supreme military commander to know at least how powder smells, and the difference in sound between the

whizzing of bullets and the explosive shrieks of shrapnel. When it discovers that you are pewter, it proclaims the fact out of its stern love of truth."

I hear the Kaiser's apologists protest that he is really a man of unmatched courage. Unmatched? Yes, but that depends upon whom you match him with. You recall, doubtless, that in the early days of the war he took up his position on a high hill, out of range of the artillery, and waited throughout a long summer day, to see his superabundant troops destroy the French near Nancy. The victory which he awaited never came. Instead of that, the German army ran before the French, and the pewter Kaiser had himself run away long before his fleeing troops could catch up with him. He has repeated this martial gesture, this expression of courage which refused to be corked up, several times since, but always with the same result; for always when he has counted upon witnessing the utter rout of the British or the French, he has had to take to his heels in order to escape being captured by them.

If the Germans possessed the sense of accuracy which belongs to the coloured brethren in our South, they would call William "a first-class Jonah man," and regard his presence in military affairs or at a battle as a hoodoo. Ah! but his troops

are Germans; what more can you say? Every year, on January 27, the Kaiser's birthday, there has been some particular movement by his armies in order that the news of an irrelevant and unimportant victory might give him a better appetite for his food. Perhaps this movement cost 5,000 or 10,000 or 15,000 German lives. No matter being Germans, the soldiers were unquestionably glad to die, and their wives and mothers at home were glad to have them die, if by so doing they stimulated William the Pewter into drinking a glass more of champagne than usual on his birthday.

I know that the Kaiser's apologists will urge in his defence that the leaders of armies are no longer expected to head their troops in battle, or even to be on the battlefield itself. The days are past when the White Plume of Navarre led Henry IV's soldiers to victory at Ivry, or when Napoleon Buonaparte dashed through the hail of bullets at Lodi, or when U. S. Grant sat like a statue on his horse, unperturbed amid the dangers and carnage of the Wilderness; a Generalissimo now has his headquarters perhaps twenty miles, or it may be thirty, from the actual front where men are dying in swarms, and the telephone and telegraph bring him the news, moment by moment, from which he forms his quick decisions and sends them back to

his officers in the desperate fight. Still we feel, and I believe that mankind will always feel, that the head of a great army ought sometimes to show that he has courage. It is a little suspicious for him to screen himself behind the plea that his life is so valuable that duty requires him not to risk it.

What we surmise about William the Pewter is that he has never in youth or age come within gunshot of risk. His Hohenzollern forerunners were not always thus. Leaving out the Barbarians whose imaginary portraits he has caused to be sculptured in all their pristine savagery and ugliness on the monuments of the Sieges Allee, Berlin, we find that Frederick the Great was more than once in the storm-centre of his battles and that William I, the present Kaiser's grandfather, rode so near the bullets at Sadowa that Bismarck, who accompanied him, felt obliged to give the king's mare so hard a kick in the flank that she dashed with her rider beyond reach of the danger.

William the Pewter's habit of taking up a safe position in the hope of seeing his Teutonic hordes win a great victory reminds one of the description of his hunting in the days of peace. Then he used to sit in his hunting box—the precaution having been taken to build it so high that no animals could leap into it and do him harm—and

while his officers handed him loaded guns as fast as he needed them, he would shoot the wild boars, which his gamekeepers drove in front of his box. Splendid sport, wasn't it? How his Imperial Majesty must have thrilled with courage, and plumed himself on being greater than Nimrod, as one after another of the wild boars fell dead before his box! Perhaps the sight of them suggested to him the pretty way of wearing his moustaches twirled up like the tusks of the wild boars which he boasted of killing. So his docile German troops were driven into battle at Nancy, at Ypres, and elsewhere, for his exultation, but the British and the French—not the Pewter Kaiser—did the slaying.

I have been more or less skeptical of the possibility of tracing the processes of heredity in human history, but the record of the Hohenzollern has converted me. For generation after generation mendacity and piracy have been family characteristics in them too marked and too constant to be ignored. When the Robber Barons of the southern mountains became the Lords of Brandenburg and set out to expand Prussia, they found the same traits, piracy and mendacity, among the racial nondescripts, including the Tartar strains, who dwelt in what is now Eastern Prussia and Pomerania. William the Pewter

was one of them—they knew it, and he knew it; and he illustrated the fact of heredity through a line many generations in length.

To his six sons he transmitted the inheritance for ferocity and falsehood; but he transmitted also his personal aversion to danger. That is the beauty of the law of heredity; when some stubbornly different trait crops up, you account for it as a variation from type, due to the interposition of a grandparent or of a forgotten great uncle. In this case the six imperial princes evidently derive their somewhat exaggerated instinct of self-preservation from their august but pewter father. It seems to be the law that lower traits are transmitted much more easily than are higher.

The meaning of all this is that although the Kaiser's six sons have been nominally in the war during fifty months, not one of them has received a scratch. A scratch? So far as we know, none of them has been within reach of receiving one from an Allied missile during all this period. They have all held high military titles, and to one of them at least, to the Crown Prince—whose weasel features are known throughout the world, and have only to be seen in order to be admired—has been entrusted the command of the principal German army. Crown Prince Weasel, it will be re-

membered, was the much-advertised leader of the German War Party before the war. He summed up the martial instincts of the Prussians; and just as in the boar's-tusk moustaches of the Pewter Kaiser the discerning could detect the ferocious and piratical instincts of the race, so in the Crown Prince's weasel features, its slyness, deceit, and shamelessness were apparent.

Let us not forget that it was he who applauded every example of military truculence in the days of peace. When a cowardly Prussian lieutenant caused two of his soldiers to seize and hold the crippled shoemaker of Saverne, while he drew his sword and slashed him, it was the Crown Prince who sent him an enthusiastic telegram and thanked him for upholding Prussian valour! Among what savage people, were they Bantus or Basutos, would such cowardly action be called valour, or would such a lieutenant or such a crown prince be tolerated? But the Germans applaud and practise infamies which have never entered the minds of the wickedest savages.

When the Kaiser went on his yachting trip after the secret meeting of the Pirates of Potsdam, on July 5, 1914, he left the Crown Prince in control, thereby hoping to create the impression that he himself had nothing to do in bringing on the war.

At any rate, during the three weeks which followed the Imperial Weasel acted so efficiently that when the Kaiser returned and entered the council chamber on July 27 his son said to him: "Father, you come too late." This I had from the late ex-Ambassador George von L. Meyer, who was in Berlin a few days after the event, and was given this and other details of the meeting by his friend Von Jagow, the German Foreign Secretary, who was present.

Europe having been plunged into war by this piratical gang, every measure was taken to "stage" the Crown Prince in a most conspicuous part. He was given command of a great army; he, too, had his limousines and his kitchens and his ambulant wine cellar, and his obsequious retinue, not all of which, according to the gossips, was composed of males. But the Kaiser felt that nothing must be left undone in order to make the Crown Prince emerge from the war as its military hero. The sequence, if not the safety, of the Hohenzollern Dynasty required that. How would it look when peace came if Hindenburg or Falkenhayn or Mackensen were the hero of the German people instead of the coddled Crown Prince Weasel?

And indeed the likelihood that this would happen increased as the war went on. Hindenburg was

the idol of 1914, and the Germans expressed their admiration by driving nails into a wooden effigy of him—a peculiarly delicate, cultured, and German form of hero-worship. In 1915, when Falkenhayn and Mackensen also pushed to the fore, the German General Staff, the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince believed that the time had now come for crushing France, which they had failed to do earlier, and it was now or never for the Crown Prince. So they prepared and let loose early in 1916 their terrific attack on Verdun, and they kept it up for six months, until five hundred thousand Germans had been destroyed. Then they were obliged to stop in order to parry the advance of the English in the north.

It was doubtless a supreme pleasure to the mothers and wives and sweethearts of the half million Germans killed at Verdun to know that their dear ones were sacrificed in order to give the Crown Prince a military reputation which he never deserved and could not win, and to solidify the Hohenzollern Dynasty. The gladiators of ancient Rome who were forced to fight in the Colosseum and fell, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," were foreign captives, presumably enemies, but the myriads of Germans who were butchered to make a holiday for the Crown Prince

were natives of the Germanic stock; and yet so servile is their race, that their families were proud to have them butchered at the pleasure of the Crown Prince Weasel. Truly, the psychology of the Teutons could be fathomed only by the Keeper of a madhouse.

The Crown Prince was blessed with five brothers, all of whom had been brought up to regard war as their normal occupation, and had looked forward to this war which would usher in "The Day" they all fervently desired as their great opportunity. They were given important commissions and some of them were to serve as rulers of the various princedoms which the Kaiser wished to carve out of his conquests in Russia and the Balkans. But fifty months have elapsed, during which, according to the chroniclers, a considerable war has been fought, but not one of the five princes has been gazetted in any battle, has received any wound, or in fact has been reported within reach of any bullet. To be strictly just, I must add that the youngest, on hearing the rumble of a cannonade very far off, had heart disease, and was hurried back to his mother to recuperate. So far as appears he has not again risked palpitations in the four years which have intervened.

Now to the student of human nature, pewterness

is most interesting because it presents such unlooked-for surprises. Here were seven grown-up men, inured from childhood to military training, obsessed by the hideous doctrine that war was the normal employment of individuals and nations, convinced that only by victory in battle could monarchs, especially German monarchs, maintain control and prestige over their people. For thirty years had these men prepared for war, adopting every invention, no matter how devilish, which might improve their weapons, selecting a general staff which could not presumably be equalled, resorting to lies and diplomatic chicane in order to lull their enemies into a fatal tranquillity, even casting medals before war was declared to celebrate their entry into Paris and other places—and yet, when war came, they kept themselves scrupulously out of danger, nor has any one of them, so far as we know, come within gunshot of the enemy during these fifty months. Can you imagine a prize-fighter after a long training to fit him to fight a battle for the championship of the world, skulking away when the day of battle came?

This is what I mean when I suggest that there is a pewter alloy in the decadent Hohenzollerns of our time. They want the victory, they crave the personal and dynastic glory, but they don't

want to run any personal risk. The time seems near at hand when the Kaiser and Crown Prince Weasel, and perhaps also the younger members of this monster brood, will have opportunity to study the life of Napoleon the Great and to learn how widely he differed in intellect and spirit from his pewter Prussian mimic. They will see also that their German generals fell far behind Napoleon's in respect to personal valour. Every one of Napoleon's marshals rose by personal valour on the field. Some of them were killed in action, and Ney, the bravest of the brave, led the final charge at Waterloo, his final battle. The German marshals and generals never lead their men because it is said they are afraid of being shot from behind by their own troops! It is also safer—for other reasons.

Americans, who of course know nothing of warfare, have already commented, not always perhaps with proper deference, on the immunity which the seven pewter Hohenzollerns have enjoyed during this Atrocious War; they have contrasted it with the fate of the four Roosevelt boys, who went into the struggle without high commissions and without limousines, camp kitchens, and retinues to make life in the field pleasant for them. Of these four, in less than a year one has been killed,

one has been so shattered by wounds that he is likely to be crippled for life, and a third has been less seriously wounded. Their father, Colonel Roosevelt, wished to go to the front before a single American battalion had crossed the ocean, but he was refused a commission for reasons which the public does not even now understand. If he had gone, no Americans believe that, like the Kaiser, he would have kept himself carefully in the hinterland of danger.

Times have so changed that the conduct of the far-flung, month-long contests of to-day differs from that of the battles of our Civil War, or even of the War of 1870. But we Americans remember Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Reynolds, and other generals North and South, who fell in the midst of battle, and we honour them all the more for it. Nor can we think that Robert E. Lee or Beauregard, any more than Grant or Sherman or Sheridan, would have shrunk from the post of greatest danger had duty called him there.

Systems of warfare will vary from age to age, until possibly General Staffs may direct operations from afar, as international chess players now conduct their games by cable. But courage will never change—never go out of fashion. It is

always new. It requires no apologies, no explanation. We Americans should feel proud and grateful that as a matter of course all our commanders, from Washington down, have displayed it.

Truly war, especially war as waged by the Teutons, is a strange, stupid, incongruous, and hellish affair.

But what other War-Lord can compare with Pewter the Great?

XIV

ITALY AND THE ADRIATIC: PEACE TERMS[1]

THE peace terms which will satisfy Italy, so far as she herself is concerned, have already been much discussed. I cannot pretend to have any information as to what the Italian Envoys, who speak for her at the Peace Congress, will demand. At different times since the war began various rumours have floated about as to Italy's stipulations. At the beginning these rumours were often cruel because the world misjudged Italy, and the Germans did all they could to spread the impression that she was a mercenary, a faithless mercenary, who was waiting to sell her help in the war to the highest bidder.

The truth is, that in August, 1914, Italy had neither sufficient men, money, nor munitions to go into the war. The coils which the Germans had wound round her commerce and industry so strangled her that it took more than six months for her to shake herself free. But from the start, she denounced the Triple Alliance in which she

[1] *World's Work*, December, 1918.

was a partner with Germany and Austria, and she did inestimable service to the Allies and to civilization by informing the French Minister that she would not uphold the Teutons. This action released several army corps of French troops that would otherwise have had to guard the Franco-Italian frontier.

During the winter and early spring of 1914 and '15 Rome was beset by agents of the Allies and of the Entente who did their utmost to secure her support. Prince Bülow, whose wife was Italian, and who was an old resident of Rome, set up his quarters there and, with effrontery characteristically Prussian, waged an open campaign of corruption in behalf of the German alliance. When, at last, he found that even he could neither persuade nor buy Italy to align her army with the German, he did his utmost to keep her neutral and so to prevent her from joining forces with the Allies. Among other things, he promised that she should have the Trentino and Trieste. These belonged to Austria, but he quite naturally disposed of Austrian territory, because he knew that Austria was Germany's vassal. What would happen if Austria refused to ratify the gifts which German Bülow made in her name was not put to the test, for Italy could not be seduced. In

May, 1915, she declared war on Austria and in August, 1916, on Germany, having so far readjusted the control of her industries and commerce that she could get along without German superintendents and foremen.

Thus Italy's entry into the war was voluntary; she might have remained neutral and so have saved herself the expense and hardships and horrors. But, like the United States, she went in of her own free will and with great peril confronting her.

I do not know that she asked any exorbitant terms from the Allies for her coöperation. Both England and France, I believe, supplied her with some money by loans which probably went to pay for the war material which she bought in those countries. It was taken for granted that in case the war ended favourably to the Allies Italia Irredenta would go to Italy. The phrase "Unredeemed Italy" is itself somewhat vague, because the strict constructionists claim that Nice and Savoy which were ceded to France in 1860, and that the Swiss Canton of Ticino are to be redeemed, either because they had been parts of Italy or were inhabited by Italians, and should be restored to their mother country. As commonly used, however, "Italia Irredenta" means

the Italian regions in southern Austria, in Istria, and along the eastern coast of the Adriatic.

The most eager among the patriots insisted that all the Dalmatian coast should be included, because that, too, like Istria, had once belonged to the Venetian Republic. Everywhere, in the towns and islands of that coast, one comes upon witnesses to the former sovereignty of Venice, and a dialect of the Italian language still persists there. But the Venetian sway formerly extended over much of Greece also and, as you drive to-day through the city gate of Nauplia you see on the fortress wall the Lion of St. Mark. Accordingly, one of the first points to be settled in laying down Italy's peace terms must be how far her remote ownership of lands on the eastern Adriatic ought to be considered.

For what should be the principles for the Peace Congress to aim at? First, Justice; second, Liberty; third, recognition of the ability of each state, whether large or small, to determine its own destiny, to the fullest extent compatible with the peace, prosperity, and freedom of all. The mere fact, therefore, that the Venetians had once held Spalato and Zara and the Peloponnese, and that as Venice, being part of the present Kingdom of Italy, automatically gave over to Italy all her inherited rights, ought not to be the prime consid-

eration in deciding the fate of the Dalmatian Coast. Venice once owned Constantinople, but no one would dream of asserting that that remote ownership gives Italy a claim on Constantinople. So France once owned the Province of Quebec, but it certainly would no more conduce to peace and justice to restore Quebec to France than it would for us to restore Florida to Spain, or New York City to the Dutch.

Italy needs first of all geographical safety. Her northern frontier, as drawn for her by Bismarck and the Austrians after the War of 1866, leaves her dangerously unprotected on the side of Austria. Toward France, on the west, the Alps form a sufficient covering, and they give her an almost impassable protection all along the Swiss frontier. Indeed, unless the Swiss were in league with some much more powerful enemy on the north they could scarcely push their way into Italy at all, but it is against Austria that the Italians really need a better boundary. The present line which dates, as I have just said, from 1866, runs so as to afford Austria a comparatively easy access into Italy through several of the Alpine valleys on the north, and by way of the Julian Alps on the east.

Now as every man is entitled to have a door to his house which he can lock, so each country

should have, so far as geography permits, proper frontiers to safeguard it from aggression.

What geography can do for a nation we see in the case of Germany, which has owed more to her geographical position than to her professors and her General Staff. Owing to the ease with which Austria could invade Italy, Italy has been forced during the past fifty years to strengthen her line as well as she could by fortifications, and to keep a larger force than she would have kept otherwise under arms, to guard her forts. The Peace Congress ought to take care in readjusting the map, to see to it that such reason as this for maintaining an army shall have no warrant; for I believe that one of the surest ways to establish a durable peace will be to reduce armies to the smallest size feasible. The obvious work, therefore, will be to draw Italy's boundaries with Austria so that the Italians may feel far more safe than they do now. The topography of the Carnic Alps is such that the valleys that run south give the Austrians an easy approach into Italy, but the Italians cannot use these same valleys for pouncing upon Austria; because the ridges of the high Alps have to be crossed before you can attack Austria from the south.

But there are considerations more pressing

even than those of geography. Politics, including international relations, has to be taken into account; so also sentiment, intangible and illusive, but very real and persistent, and often the mightiest of all the forces which sway a people. Italia Irredenta cries aloud, just as geography does, for the rectification of the Italo-Austrian frontier. "Unredeemed Italy" consists of those communities which are Italian in race, speech, and tradition and above all in sentiment and desires. We must never make light of patriotism, much less despise it in a tribe or nation, no matter how insignificant it may appear. Patriotism, like the atmosphere, may be compressed and compressed, but sooner or later when the burden becomes intolerable it explodes. The people of the Trentino and of Trieste are largely Italian by origin; they speak Itatlian and they want to join their lot with that of Italy. They regard themselves as under foreign domination. It will not do to say that historically they have never belonged to the Kingdom of Italy, because this has never existed, in its modern form at least, until fifty years ago. In their case, as in many others, the rigid historical argument will not apply. The only cogent fact is that they feel Italian, and wish to unite with their brother Italians.

The reasons for such a uniting may appear to foreigners insufficient, but it is the people of the Trentino and Trieste who must judge. As Massimo d'Azeglio remarked nearly eighty years ago—when the inhabitants of the Romagna rose in insurrection against their Papal tyrants—an outsider has no right to retort: "'You can!' when a suffering people cries out, 'I can bear no more.'"

There is no doubt that the Istrians and Trentines are in great part Italian. Slavic and Teutonic strains are sprinkled among them, but the racial basis is Italic, and it remains Italic, in spite of all the Austrian efforts to exterminate it, for when the Irredentists some forty years ago began to clamour for freedom and for union with Italy, Austria adopted toward them the savage methods of oppression which Germany was employing toward the conquered Alsatians. The Austrians demonstrated again the Teutonic incapacity to rule conquered peoples except by brutal methods. The principle by which the English have become possessed of vast territories all over the world has been by according justice to everybody and by allowing religious liberty to every tribe. The German, however, whether he comes from Prussia or from Austria, cannot be satisfied unless he has placed his hobnailed boot on the neck of his

conquered victim, and when this does not sufficiently satisfy the Boche, he exterminates.

Accordingly, when Austria found that the Italians of the unredeemed sections were cherishing hopes of freeing themselves, she endeavoured to purge them of their Italianism. She tried to stop the use of the Italian language, not only in the schools, academies, and business, but in the homes, and she gradually introduced many Slavic settlers into Istria, just as the Germans transplanted German settlers into Alsace. The Austrian police very naturally treated with severity any persons who were suspected of having Italian propensities. There was constant friction, which sometimes ended in bloodshed, and of course any Italians who were unlucky enough to be brought into court suffered the severest penalties.

For a while the Irrendentist intrigues slackened to such a point that Austria began to think that she had outlived the danger. This slackening came from two causes. Italy was engaged in several larger matters at home which took her attention somewhat away from Irredentism, and after she joined the Triple Alliance in 1882 Austria, instead of acting more kindly toward the Irredentists—who were kinsmen in spirit at least, to her Italian partner—presumed on that partnership to

treat them worse. Latterly, when the Irredentists have renewed their protests and their clandestine campaigning, Austria has pointed to the census to show that after all the Irredentists do not represent the will of the mass of the inhabitants of Trieste. (The Germans have done the same, in regard to Alsace.) By the planting of German and Slavic colonists in Trieste and its neighbourhood the number of Italians has proportionately decreased. We must remember also that in many cases the Italians who were able quitted Istria rather than live under Austrian oppression. The exodus was not nearly so great relatively as that of the French from Alsace but it was great enough to account for some of the increase in the non-Italian population of the Irredentist districts.

But the Congress would have as little difficulty in assuring itself that the sentiment of the Trentino and of the other parts of Italia Irredenta is genuinely Italian as in concluding that the protection of Italy demands that she shall annex Italia Irredenta. Austria's claim that the majority of opinion there is German and Slavic is based on falsehood, as any foreigner who has visited those towns and districts can affirm. If the racial and lingual preponderance were German and Slavic, why were the manifestos ordering the mobilization of the

people in the valley of the Trent and at Cortina printed in Italian, as were probably those placarded on the walls of Trieste? I cannot assert the latter as a fact, but the former I can.

II

The Italianism of the Trentino and of the other towns and valleys now held by Austria to the north of the Venetian plain is undisputed; any adjustment that is made after the war must give them to Italy. When we proceed eastward, however, and consider the proper lot of Istria and Dalmatia there are debatable points. The debate arises from the fact that the contention is no longer between Italy and Austria but between Italy's desires and those of the Jugoslavs. For I feel, as I have said, that the Austrian Empire—holding in unwilling servitude Bohemia, part of Poland, Croatia, and the other Slavic provinces, and itself the obsequious servant and vassal of Germany—must cease to exist. Accordingly, the duty of the Congress will be to determine what will be the fairest arrangement to make to insure peace and good will among the independent states which shall take the place of the Austrian tributaries.

The race which will border on the Italian on the east and will have rival claims to the freedom of the

Adriatic is the Slavic. It follows, therefore, that the Congress must give a sympathetic hearing to the normal ambitions of the Slavs, of the proposed Jugoslav Federation which will occupy most of the northern half of the Balkan Peninsula.

What will best satisfy the Balkan States? Assuming that they are free and independent—and the war will have been fought in vain if this assumption does not become a reality—what will be their demands as to the Adriatic? But first let us enquire which will be the Balkan States after the war.

I believe that Bosnia and Herzegovina ought to be joined to Serbia which must be strengthened in every possible way. For Serbia and Rumania form the great barrier against the Teutons if they should attempt again to carry out their Middle Europe project. The Serbs have fought valiantly and suffered horribly and they should be thus compensated. Not only because it will make them strong, but because their strength will protect Europe and Civilization against any renewal of the German piracy. Rumania, also, must be increased by the addition of her natural lands and kindred. Bulgaria, which has played a most despicable rôle in this war, should be correspondingly weakened by taking from her the territorial spoils which she had already seized. If Montenegro retains her

independent identity she will be too tiny to count much in any warlike concern, unless she has possession of the magnificent harbour, land-locked and spacious, of Cattaro which is now controlled by Austria on the north. Albania is a puzzle. The Albanians do not seem to have reached yet the stage of political development where they can set up and carry on a fairly civilized government. It has been suggested that the southern part of the country should be under an Italian Protectorate, while the northern part should be annexed to Serbia. The port of Valona is already Italian, pending the final decisions after the war. Greece, which is of course not Slavic, will keep her territories and probably gain some additions on the north.

So far as access to the Adriatic is concerned, the enlarged State of Serbia would most plausibly claim it; but if Italy took all Dalmatia this claim could not be satisfied. The Italians may object that the distance between Trieste at the top of the Adriatic and Valona at its southern end is too great to be guarded by them without more ports. In that case Cattaro, which lies about halfway between the two, seems to be geographically the best place for a third Italian base; always provided, of course, that a friendly arrangement can be made with Montenegro to this purpose. Friendliness

among the various Slav people of the Balkans is most essential and the Congress should take every precaution against leaving any cause of hatred, jealousy, or hostility to rankle among them.

The Balkan peoples have never yet had a fair chance; until recently they were under the foul and brutal domination of the Turks. Having partially freed themselves from this, Bosnia and Herzegovina fell victims to the deceitful Austrians who acted in collusion with the Germans. From 1908 to 1914 Serbia and Rumania lay under the menace of the Teutons whom the Bulgarians had begun to connive with. Free, unthreatened political life has therefore been impossible to the Balkanians, and this is precisely the life which the Congress must prepare for them. How far they have all reached capacity for self-government remains to be shown; certainly they are not all equally advanced. But under a Federation and under a larger League to Enforce Peace, they would have the best conditions for national development; at any rate, they must be given the chance.

To come now to the question of the disposition to be made of Istria and Dalmatia. The Italian claim to Istria is based on historic grounds, on the alleged preponderance of the wishes of a majority of the population, and on the evident usefulness

to Italy of owning that province. Trieste especially, the great Istrian seaport, must not remain in Austrian hands; for Austrian means also German. During more than a generation it has been the principal port of German commerce to the south. How often have the truculent German statesmen at Berlin called "Hands off!" to any suggestion that Trieste as a part of Italia Irredenta should be transferred to Italy! The schemes of the German World Empire took it for granted that Trieste should be to them at the head of the Adriatic what Hamburg was at the mouth of the Elbe. But the question for the Congress is, whether it would be better for European peace and development to have the Italians or the Jugoslavs own Trieste. There is no doubt that, relatively, the Italian majority in Trieste has been reduced and that the Slavic population has correspondingly increased. The Italians attribute this to the common German trick of bringing in colonists. The Slavs, on the other hand, assert that the increase of their people in Istria and at Trieste came about naturally and was not the result of Austrian connivance. They say with truth, also, that until about twenty years ago the Austrians did not suspect that the Slavs themselves were soon to become a menace to the Hapsburg Empire in the southeast.

It seems to me that the simple thing for the Congress to do is to appoint an impartial commission to discover what the status of population in Istria and Dalmatia really is, and whether a valid majority wants to be under Italian or Slavic government. Where the population came from and how it happens now to be in either of those provinces are questions of the past; the vital question touches the future: Which race is likely to be most benefited by controlling those provinces, and so to benefit their neighbours and the general European community?

The war has taught with terrible emphasis that, as the lines are now drawn, Italy's protection in the Adriatic is wholly inadequate. Arguing from the need of her protection only, Italy ought to have Trieste; so long as Trieste remains Austrian, both in protection and in racial intentions, Italy will be incomplete and she will be exposed to a constant marine menace. This danger would persist even if Trieste were not owned by Austria but by some other Power, say that of the Jugoslavs, if this happened to be hostile to Italy.

What is true of Trieste applies also, though perhaps less forcibly, to the status of Istria. Pola, the port at the southern tip of the Istrian Peninsula, is the Austrian arsenal, and after the Teutonic navies were driven from the seas in August, 1914,

it was the place from which submarines were fitted out, and to which they scurried for shelter. We have good reason to suspect that many of the U-boats which sailed thence to harry the Italian seacoast, to sink Italian ships in the Adriatic, and to work havoc on all Allied and neutral ships in the Mediterranean, were German ships, although during the first two years of the war Germany was at peace with Italy. Pola was likewise the base of the Austrian airplanes which operated along the Adriatic, and many of these, too, were German. This war, by revealing the importance of the submarine and the airplane, has led us to change radically our views as to the protection from attack which a country requires, and this is particularly true of the countries bordering on the Adriatic.

Perhaps I ought to state more definitely who the Jugoslavs—or as they are called in some sections the Slovenes—are, and what is their racial aspiration. They are a branch of the great Slavic race occupying the Slovenian provinces of Austria, besides Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Serbia, and southern Hungary. Most of these districts have been unwilling vassals of Austria and they have looked forward for many years to freeing themselves and constituting a large

independent Slavic State, to which the name Jugoslavia has recently been attached.

Now these Jugoslavs do not listen enthusiastically to the suggestion that they should emancipate themselves from the Hapsburgs in Istria and Dalmatia only to become subjects of Italy. According to their figures they actually outnumber the Italians in those provinces, and they claim that the new boundary should be drawn to protect *them*. In the three-cornered competition which has gone on among the (German) Austrians, Italians, and Slovenes, the Jugoslavs assert that the Italians have been played against them. The Congress must settle the matter after having a report from an impartial commission, which should visit the disputed territory and hear evidence from both sides. If the protection of Italy be the main consideration, Istria and Trieste ought to be assigned to her. Trieste without Istria would probably wither; because we cannot predict how much Austrian and German commerce would flow through that city if it were held by the Italians. On the other hand, if the Jugoslavs expect to be a maritime people, and I have grave doubts whether they could be one, they would naturally want Trieste.

The possession of Dalmatia and its trade would

not compensate Italy for the continous ill-will and probable open hostility of its Slavic inhabitants. If Italy really needed a port between Trieste and Valona, Ragusa would seem to be the best for her, unless she could persuade the King of Montenegro to let her have Cattaro; but that is very doubtful. The harbour of Cattaro would serve equally well as a naval station and for commerce, but it affords Montenegro its only access to the sea.

Let us assume that Italy requires for defensive and strategic purposes, Trieste and Pola at the north and Valona, which will enable her to close the Adriatic at its narrowest point, at the south. Does she need also the Dalmatian Littoral for her protection? I hardly think so. The coast of Dalmatia is a network of inlets and small islands with intricate passages connecting them, all of which form a most favourable field in which submarines can hide and from which they can dart forth to damage the Italian towns opposite and Italian commerce wherever they find it. With Valona, however, Italy ought to be able to protect herself from these pests, especially if she controls Ragusa or Durazzo part way up the coast.

For commerce the Jugoslavs would have Fiume, the New Port of which ought to satisfy all their

needs for many years to come. The population of Dalmatia is mixed Italian and Slavic. The Jugoslavs claim that the Italians wish to possess it, not for strategic purposes, but for commercial; in order that through Dalmatia they may flood Jugoslavia with Italian manufactures. This matter, as I have said, ought to be referred to an impartial commission.

On the whole, I am inclined to doubt the advisability of restoring Dalmatia to Italy. At most, it is a mere shelf of land which tapers off to a point just below Ragusa. It shuts off the country to the east of it from the Adriatic; that country will be Serbia or Jugoslavia which will crave direct access to the sea. A high mountain ridge, however, separates the hinterland from Dalmatia. If the separation were complete, if the mountains were impassable, it might be well to regard Dalmatia as a projection from Istria, which we have assumed to be Italian, down to Ragusa, and so to include it among the lands to be assigned to Italy. But the mountains are not impassable and the Slavic peoples to the east of them will want to reach the Adriatic, and will be likely to resent being hemmed in by Italians in Dalmatia. Unless the Dalmatians clamour by overwhelming majority to be united with the

Italians, I fear that there will be perpetual feuds and misunderstandings. It may not be amiss to recall that Zara, the richest of the Dalmatian cities, was a dependency of the Venetian Republic for nearly eight centuries, during much of which time it was in a state of rebellion. Undoubtedly many of its revolutions were caused by the Hungarians, who wished to get possession of it and had a considerable faction in the city; but may not something similar happen again if the free Slavic States possess the hinterland and covet also the water front that is the Dalmatian coast?

It is to save Italy from such complications which would inevitably lead to wars that I would withhold Dalmatia from her. The worries and expense caused by unwilling colonies almost always exceed any profit which they may bring to their owners. Above all, the Congress which will remake Europe after the war will be inspired by the principle that no people shall be held in bondage against its will by a stronger people. In some cases geography will no doubt clash with this principle. That Ireland should become a State independent of Great Britain seems to me, geographically, to be as unreasonable as that Long Island should be established as an independent nation. Only far greater tangles and strife could

spring from such an arrangement. In the Balkans there are already too many seeds of discord—not only the memories and recriminations based on the recent wars, but the instinctive animosities of utterly different races and tribes and the mutually hostile religions. No new firebrand should be added.

As the purpose of the Congress will be to contrive the combination which seems the most likely to make peace instead of war the permanent condition and aim of civilized men, it will of course take from the nations which have caused the Atrocious War their power for harm. It will deprive Germany, the arch robber, of her booty; it will break up Austria; it will reduce their pal, Bulgaria, small, rapacious, and faithless. Turkey, which has too long outstayed her time in Europe, and is the same bloodthirsty, corrupt, unchanging and unchanged Turkey everywhere, must be sent out of Europe into Asia forever. Old peoples will be made new by the putting into practice of principles which are neither old nor new, but eternal. And new peoples will stride forth into noble and useful activities under the guidance of Freedom and Brotherhood. The world will no longer be deceived by the hideous Prussian doctrine that the good of all peoples must be sacrificed to the supremacy of one and that one,

Prussia under the Hohenzollerns. It will understand, on the contrary, that if a single people is wronged or crippled or enslaved, all must suffer, just as a withered arm, or an ailing heart, takes away from the whole vigour of a man. Under the happier conditions we are moving toward, Italy will be a great gainer, and whatever adds to the fullness of her life will be a gain for the world.

I repeat, therefore, that the considerations which will come before the Congress touching the future of Istria and Dalmatia concern two nations only, Italy and the Jugoslavs. I do not include Austria because I do not expect that she will be left with power enough to harm these two. Our concern must be, therefore, to make the most mutually amicable arrangement between Italy and the Jugoslavs; and not amicable at the moment only, but best for the lasting welfare and progress of them both. The importance to the world of a strengthened Italy does not need to be argued. I believe, also, that the Jugoslavs, if given a fair chance and honourable treatment, will make a valuable contribution to Civilization. The Slavs are coming on; they have qualities possessed by no other race; they should be encouraged, not thwarted. Therefore, if the population of Dalmatia is, as they affirm, preponderantly

Slavic, both justice and prudence demand that Dalmatia be given to them.

Being a well-wisher of Italy I could never approve of any arrangement which seemed destined to bring harm to her. Being also opposed to Imperialism, based not on natural development but on greed or ambition, I should look with foreboding if she took Dalmatia only from imperialistic motives. If the Dalmatians genuinely desire to become politically Italians, then let the union be made unless it would be of still greater benefit and importance to the general welfare to have the Jugoslavs possess Dalmatia. No matter how small a province may be, if it is hostile, it will be as a thorn in the side of its master. Even great empires have been exhausted by the long strain of conflict with a stubborn dependency. Italy should conserve her vitality and not waste on adventures abroad the vigour which she ought to apply to honest growth at home. So that I would not have her pursue haphazard enterprises in the Balkans or anywhere else.

I have said nothing about Italy's indemnity. That, of course, will be proportional to her losses.

END

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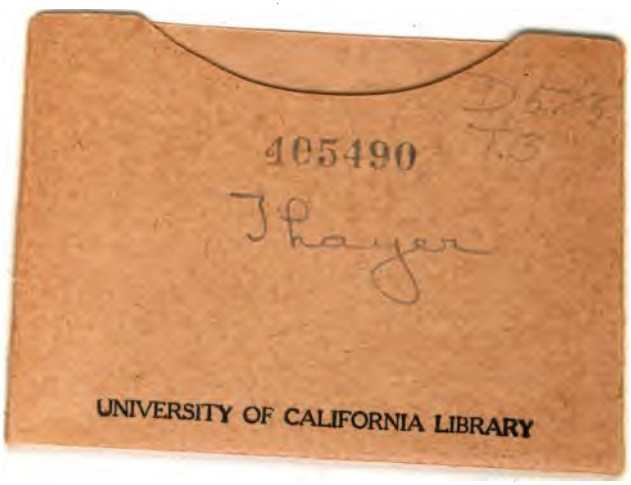
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